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LETTERS  
FROM  
A  
PILGRIM



MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS  
SALEM, OREGON



# LETTERS FROM A PILGRIM

MYRA ALBERT WIGGINS

From Mrs. Fathleen Hunt  
Hindergarten Christmas 1904  
Salem Ore.





On March 8, 1904, the North German Lloyd Steamer GROSSER KURFURST steamed out of New York Harbor carrying about 830 delegates to the World's Fourth Sunday School Convention which met in Jerusalem, April 17 to 19.

The writer and her friend, Mrs. Charles A. Park of Salem, Oregon were among the number, and the following letters are a part of those written to the family, and published in the Daily Oregon Statesman.

The reader's forbearance is craved on account of unavoidable errors in these hurriedly written letters.

SALEM, DECEMBER, 1904.



# ON THE ATLANTIC

## LETTER NO. 1.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST, ONE DAY OUT FROM  
NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1904.



WE HAVE NOT MISSED a meal yet, although we have felt better in our lives, but we had a poor start yesterday. We landed at the dock at 1 o'clock and I had to see to my own baggage and so many other things that it was 3 o'clock before we knew it and we had had nothing since breakfast. Then our friends began to arrive and we soon felt so faint that a friend of Mrs. Park went ashore and bought us some lemons, oranges, cheese-crackers, and soda crackers, so about 3:30 I ate a little.

“The pier is about three blocks long and my trunk was clear at the other end of it, and in the rush every one was after the men with hand trucks. The big Dutch baggageman scolded me because my berth number wasn't on the trunk; however, he called a man to take it, but the man couldn't find a truck, then up stepped another man who had been looking after me a little, put the trunk on his shoulder and carried it all the way to the stateroom. I wouldn't have had my trunk if I had not gone for it, in spite of the fact that a brass-buttoned man on board told me that it would be brought on. I heard one lady say that her's was left. Mrs.



Park's friend attended to her trunk in the morning.

"We have had our supper; have first sittings in the forward saloon and everything is lovely; eight or nine course dinners, with orchestra accompaniment.

"Mrs. Park and I are writing in the ladies' saloon, which is over the forward dining room, with a large opening in the center, and the orchestra is right at our elbows—the largest horn not two feet from my ear. They played a medley of our national airs and every one applauded. Tonight at supper just before beginning, Mr. Jacobs, the singer, stepped forward and led in the Doxology and everybody sang; it was beautiful. The walls in this room and the one below are covered with tapestry, and the halls are solidly carved.

"Mr. E. K. Warren, the head of the cruise, and Mr. Jacobs (the singer who was with Moody) sit at the table next to ours, so their faces are very familiar; but there are hundreds that we have not yet even seen. It is often like a mob in the hall near the bulletin board and mail boxes. I looked over the mail again after breakfast and there was nothing for me; I went back in an hour and there were three letters.

"We can scarcely make ourselves understood to the stewardess and minor officers aboard; they speak German only.

"There are fifteen pieces in the orchestra; they just now played 'Swanee River' and 'Old Black Joe,' and they seemed so pleased when every one cheered.

"Our steamer chairs are on the broad upper promenade deck. Our stateroom is among the best; but yesterday they put another lady in with us and we



were so disappointed, for we hoped we would be alone.

"We just found out today that we can send our trunks back to New York for storage, from Villefranche, and we may tour the continent with the crowd. Clark's man rather wanted us to leave the party at Rome, but I stuck to Villefranche and he smiled and said it was all right. When I was having the argument with him over the Damascus trip, Fan was standing near with Lucile and she whispered in my ear and said, 'just wait a minute, Myra, till we go off in a corner and swear for you;' but I gained my point and so did the next pilgrim who followed. We will sign for the Jericho trip the last of the week.

"I forgot to tell you about the crowd on the end of the pier when we steamed out. It was 'enormous'—that is all—and the crowd of visitors aboard before we sailed was two or three times the number of passengers. I had to go ashore and stand to meet my friends, then we managed to get aboard and go over the boat. We have explored all the decks, but haven't found the aft dining room yet; however, it is there somewhere.

"We had our salt water bath this morning, and will sign for one every morning; we had to take it at 6 this morning, then we lay down and ate an orange and dressed just in time for breakfast, which was at 7:30.

"There are very few young people on board and a great many old people—some such fine looking men. There is one nice old gentleman at our table that Mrs. Park and I fell in love with at first sight; we always greet each other, but I haven't found out yet who he is. There are two little boys on

board, and one girl a little older. They are all the children I have seen. ,

“They have just had a short service of song and prayer. There was to have been a lantern show tonight, but they couldn’t get ready for it. Everybody is happy; that is almost everybody. Of course, a number are sick. I must go to bed now, so will say good night till tomorrow. There is a gay crowd outside singing all evening, and until the service a crowd in the dining room playing pit, others upstairs here I think were playing ‘finch.’

“We had the opportunity tonight (if we understood the bulletin aright) of sending a wireless telegram; did not inquire the expense as we are headed for Jerusalem and must economize.

“Friday.—Yesterday the sea was quite rough, but we were going with the wind, which saved us, as otherwise the waves would have swept over the deck, so the captain said. A crowd of us went out on the point of the ship—the prow—so that nothing was in front of us and the sensation cannot be described. We sank into the hollows made by the waves and then rose up fully twenty feet until the curved part of the vessel underneath was out of water. I imagine I would feel about the same way on a flying machine. We have been busy all day with side trip tickets. The first Galilee and Samaria trip was all taken before we reached New York, so we took the one with the Damascus crowd. Different people have advised Mrs. Park not to try to take it; so she traded her ticket today to a man for a Galilee ticket (carriage ride to Sea, Nazareth, etc., about four days, \$30). Although the Evangel published that last itinerary for one continuous trip, I have just discovered that it will be im-

possible for me to take any side trips about Jerusalem, including the Jericho trip, for the Damascus Galilee trip lands us in Jerusalem the day before the convention, and we all leave the day after the convention. I saw Clark's man a few minutes ago and he said I couldn't take the Jericho trip unless I went on Sunday and, of course, I would not do that, and couldn't because it takes a day and a half. After studying a little book of side trips, which is out of print now, I find that this Galilee trip, which you did not know about, is almost as desirable as the long trip, and lands us in Jerusalem in time for all side trips; but this Galilee trip is all full, too, so I have just posted a notice to trade the \$60 trip for the \$30 one, as Mrs. Park did this morning, and I think I will be able to do it. We have had such a time about these side trips. We are going to have a lecture on Palestine tonight and they are quiet now so will close this letter.

"Saturday evening, March 12.—I have been busy again offering my Samaria ticket for sale. As Mrs. Park says, we are becoming the most popular ladies on board, judging from the number of gentlemen callers we have had. I am offered the trade, and a bonus now, by one handsome young minister, but as I do not wish to make anything out of it I will not trade till I get just what I want. There is a No. 5 and No. 6 short Galilee trip and Mrs. Park's is No. 5, so although I have had a number 6 offered me I am waiting for a No. 5 so that I may go with Mrs. Park. No. 6 goes the next day, so if I cannot do better I will take No. 6. I posted my notice last evening and placed the hour of meeting at 10 this morning, but we had scarcely reached our room last eve-

ning when one man came and later another one; then today I have had four more offers.

"We have met some lovely people; we all exchanged cards at our table tonight.

"I told on Mrs. Park today, so she has to teach a class tomorrow, and she has been busy studying her lesson this afternoon.

"At 2:30 the Cruise Chorus had a practice—and a good one too—led by Mr. Jacobs. He is a very large man with a big sympathetic voice, and he sings with so much expression too, and he believes in the whole choir doing the same. Each delegate has been presented with a hymn book and Manual of Worship, with gilt edge and bound in soft black leather, something which we may keep all our lives as a souvenir.

"We just heard tonight that there are 804 passengers on board and 385 persons running the boat, including the stewards. You know, of course, that we have no steerage and that accounts for the printed statement that there are less than one-third the usual number of passengers. They handle the immense crowd perfectly, and I have yet to hear the first discourteous word.

"I loaded up my new camera today and am using up a six-exposure film to try it. I snapped a picture of Dr. Jessup, an old white haired man who gave us a beautiful and practical talk on how to behave ourselves in the foreign countries to which we are going. He was 49 years a missionary in Syria. He is such an interesting talker. He said, in speaking of bargaining, that if the price was \$100, to offer \$10. He warned us while in Constantinople to refrain from speaking the words 'Sultan,' 'Armenian,' and 'Macedonia.'



He said that if we did we would in all probability feel a policeman's hand on our shoulder the next instant. This talk was last evening, and we also heard from Miss Jessie Ackerman at the same time; this is her sixth trip around the world. I also met today Marion Lawrence, who writes for the Evangel and Sunday School Times, and I believe he is now the head of the Sunday School movement. He has charge of tomorrow's services. We have prayers every morning now in a room in the front of the ship where there is a piano. Eastman's goods are on sale in that room; haven't found the dark-room yet.

"I saw a lady tonight that I had not seen on board before, or at least I had not gotten a good look at her, but tonight I decided that I knew her, and knew her quite well, but I could not think in what connection. When I turned to speak to some one else she disappeared. Well, I just went to work to hunt for her and at last found her and as I went toward her she recognized me, and then we sat there and questioned each other thus: 'Were you ever in Oregon?' 'Yes.' 'In Salem?' 'No, but in Newburg and Portland.' Then she said, 'Were you ever in Yellowstone Park?' 'No.' 'In New Hampshire?' 'No.' Then I said, 'Were you abroad four years ago?' 'Yes.' 'Did you sail in the St. Paul or New York?' 'No.' Then she said, 'Were you at Oberamergau?' 'No.' 'In Italy?' 'No.' 'In Scotland?' 'No.' Then I said that I spent most of my time at The Hague. Then she said she was there. I mentioned the hotel and it was the same place. Then she said, 'Oh, I remember you now; you sketched,' and I told her yes. She was at the hotel a long time with me there; such

a sweet lady! but our meeting was so funny. I kept saying 'but I know you,' then she repeated 'but I know you.' Her name is Mrs. Winston. It seemed so good to see one face in the crowd that I knew. Did I tell you that Miss Allen of Albany was not aboard? At least we could not find her name.

"Wednesday, March 16.—I have not written any since Saturday. There are simply no end of meetings; all the states are organizing. Then there is the chorus which practices every day, Temperance, Y. M. C. A., Bible, Photography, Y. P. S. C. E., and other meetings—besides a lecture every evening.

"Mrs. Park had some celebrated pupils in her Sunday School class last Sunday—Mr. E. K. Warren and others—and it is safe to say that there wasn't a better teacher on board. Marion Lawrence was superintendent—a splendid leader, quiet, but so impressive. He stilled the 'multitude' by simply lifting his hand. I have an order of the service which I will bring or send you; it was as nearly as possible like his home Sunday School, and his own pastor took the part of pastor. There were 522 enrolled and the collection was just \$100. Speaking of collections; last night at our lecture on Madeira a collection was taken for the missions there, amounting to over \$100. Just before it was taken, Mr. Warren stood before the company and held up a \$5 bill, saying that it was given him by a poor farmer near his home whose income for a whole year was only two or three hundred dollars, yet there was not a case of destitution within twenty miles of his home that had not received liberal help from him and in one case he and his wife had sat up all night on a train in order to save \$5 to give

to a poor family, and just before he left he had given Mr. Warren his money, saying that he wished to have a part in every collection that was taken. It surely had its effect. That Mr. Warren (of Three Oaks, Mich., the Featherbone manufacturer) is a very superior man; everybody loves him; he looks like McKinley; he is very quiet, too, and has such a nice family. Mr. Jacobs asked me to sing a solo at the vesper service Sunday, so I sang 'Come Unto Me' by Major Hilton's daughter. I have just come from morning worship now, where I sang 'Saved by Grace,' and a lady told me the history of the song as told her by Sankey. Mrs. Jessup, the wife of the missionary I told you about, played my accompaniment.

"Monday in the afternoon we had a talk by Jessie Ackerman on Iceland, and a Spanish talk interpreted by an American Missionary. Land is in sight; we are on time—or ahead of time they say. We explore Madeira today. We won't slide down the mountain (one of the attractions), but we want to ride in the ox-carts. They tell us not to mail any letters here, but wait for Gibraltar.

"Dr. Jessup gave us another interesting talk Monday evening and Mr. Jacobs a beautiful solo.

"Yesterday afternoon we had a lecture on photography by a minister who is also a successful photographer commercially. His prints sell readily. After the lecture the club organized. They elected me temporary secretary, and I was so scared that I couldn't even resign, but I did afterwards, however. The joke of it was that they announced me thus: 'Mrs. Wiggins of Texas.' I met Mr. Wiggins of Texas



on Sunday night. He said he felt quite at home when they announced that Mrs. Wiggins would sing a solo. Evidently his wife sings also.



# MADEIRA

## LETTER NO. 2.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST, ON THE ATLANTIC,  
NEARING GIBRALTAR, THURSDAY,  
MARCH 17, 1904.



OW CAN I BEGIN to tell you of Funchal, that interesting town, so quaint and old. We were all so happily disappointed in it. It is by far the most interesting city I ever was in, not even excepting Holland's cities, although it might not wear as well as the latter. I have just been so excited over it that I could not sleep. Yesterday about noon we cast anchor a little distance out from the pier and then this immense crowd of 800 good-natured pilgrims was taken ashore in tenders and smaller boats holding from 25 to 50 persons each, so you can imagine that it took some time for this. We were cautioned not to crowd, but when we saw a little space we slid into it—or rather I did and pulled Mrs. Park after me—so we were among the first ashore. The strangest sight greeted our eyes upon landing. There stood rows and rows of ox-sleds on steel runners. I wondered how the poor animals could pull them over the streets, all hills at that, but when I had walked a block myself I ceased to wonder, for I could scarcely keep my feet. The streets are paved with small round stones such as we have at home, and they are polished by the steel runners till they look like steel themselves, and yet, strange to

say, the grass grows in between the stones so that the streets have a greenish grey color. But before I tell you about the city I want to tell you how we were greeted by the populace. We had not anchored till the small boats began to arrive, each containing one man or a boy, dressed, and one or two small boys almost nude. The latter would dive into the deep cold water for the dimes which our people would throw into the sea, and they would get them, too, every time. Others would climb up the ship's sides on slender poles held in the hands of the man in the boat. Then others get aboard somehow and the deck was covered with their wares; our stateroom doors were all locked and valuables hidden. We have been a little nervous ever since. Upon landing we refused the guides which were furnished free, preferring to see the town by ourselves. We went first to the Methodist Mission, where we were served with a cup of tea and a piece of cake, and I never tasted anything as good, as already it was quite warm and we were pretty tired. We did not care to stay to the meeting and it was packed full anyway, so I hunted up two people who wanted to go for a ride in the ox-sled (it is \$1 an hour whether there are two or four persons) and then a gentleman and his wife and Mrs. Park and I started out to see the city—and it really was the start, for, although we had seen the park, full of tropical trees and palms—like Honolulu Mrs. Park says--and the interesting buildings near the mission and the mission itself, which had such an interesting court, it was not until we had left the main streets that we came face to face with the old town itself. Every street was a quaint old picture full of

color and I wanted to take snap photos at every turn. The streets are very narrow and crooked, and the houses form the walls of the street. Every front door opens directly on the street and in the center of each door is an old-fashioned knocker. I tried and tried to buy one of these, but failed. The gardens are nearly all up above your head as you walk along the streets, but here and there a wide door opens into a beautiful court full of flowers and palms. All the people come to public fountains for water and they usually carry it on their heads in such fine old jugs; the men often carry it in barrels on their shoulders. The boys go along the streets with all kinds of loads on their heads, not touching them with their hands, but turning their heads and laughing at us, or perhaps making faces. I saw two women with loads of chairs on their heads and backs, which would be considered a wagon load at home. The markets, too, are so interesting and one of the greatest sights of all is to see the women washing in the creek on the large smooth rocks. It is a beautiful little stream that runs through the town and is walled up with stones on the sides, with bridges across. I went clear down the steep steps today to get a picture of the women and the white clothes spread on the rocks. I had to jump quite a good-sized stream. It was easy to do it going down and in my excitement I had not calculated on getting back, but coming back I reached the spot and cleared the whole with one jump. Quite a crowd had gathered to watch me, and Mrs. Park said they were speculating on whether I could do it or not, so when I reached the top I received congratulations in Portu-

guese on all sides—one old lady almost embracing me. The ox-sleds are very comfortable. We took one alone today—got it at a bargain for 75c—and filled it with our cameras and wraps and we felt like ladies of 'wealth and leisure' out in our own carriage. Each sled has a boy at the heads of the oxen and a man to keep the sled in the middle of the street. If they meet another sled in a very narrow street they run one side on to the little walks, made of the same material as the streets, only of smaller stones and raised a little.

"A services has been going on below me and I could scarcely think, so finally I stopped writing and listened to a talk on Mohammedan women by Dr. Jessup; he is always splendid. When we went to the island (Madeira) yesterday, Mrs. Park and I took a lunch so that we did not need to come home till after dinner; and we did have such a good time, but we were very, very tired when we reached the 'Kurfurst' about dark. We visited the little shops today, too—they are all very small—and bought a few little things for souvenirs. I have a postal which I will mail Mildred at Gibraltar, as we were told not to mail anything at Madeira. Everything in the town had a special price today; even postage stamps were higher, and we had to star in the disagreeable business of 'jewing down' and even when we thought we had struck a bargain the shop keeper wore a broad grin. No store had more than two clerks, including the owner—they wouldn't hold any more. We took our lunch again today and ate it in the park. Beautiful flowers were all about us—a whole hedge of heliotrope. We were told to be on board at 2 o'clock and we reached here about 1:30. One



man was riding in a sled and could not get his man to take him toward the pier, but for meanness or otherwise he took him in the wrong direction and he had to hire a boat and reached here just in time to get aboard before we sailed, about 3 o'clock. I forgot to tell you that I tried to sketch a little this morning too, and Mrs. Park had all the fun watching me and the crowd around and above in the windows. A man took a snap at us with papa's camera, but we were in the shade, so it may not be good. Eastman told me that I could get all the films I wanted aboard, but for fear that I couldn't I bought about six or seven rolls and it is a good thing that I did, as I haven't been able to buy a single roll on board, but can get more at Constantinople. I want to develop some tomorrow to see if my new camera is all right. I used both at Madeira. Mrs. Park has gone to bed and I must, too, so I may mail this without adding more as we will be so busy tomorrow getting ready for Gibraltar, so good night.

"Friday morning, March 18.—I am going to fill up this space just because postage is so high—my letters are so large and fat that I am afraid it will break me up to mail them. I haven't told you about a friend of ours who sits at our table—a Mr. Lorenz of Dayton, Ohio. He is a publisher, just music I think. He is a composer also; he gave me some songs to look over the other day and when I get home he is going to mail me some copies of them. They are very pretty and he wrote one of them. The wind is blowing a perfect gale today and one man in crossing the low deck was wet from head to foot with a wave. I forgot to tell you about my trunk. The second day

on board I asked Mrs. Park for her key, saying that perhaps you boys did not press it on the lock when you tried all those keys in Portland, and sure enough it unlocked it the first trial. Guess it just happened to fit.

“I have copied a part of a mailing slip which was sent to each delegate before he or she left home. It seems that no mail is to be sent to Villefranche, only for those who take Clark’s tours across the continent. After Rome, send mail to Venice, care Thos. Cook & Con. (We will be there about two days I think), then to Haarlem, Holland, Paris, London, all care of Thos. Cook & Son. We have booked to sail for home from Southampton on June 1st on the Kaiser William II. We will take in Ireland, too, if possible, but surely Scotland.”



# GIBRALTAR

## LETTER NO. 3.

ON THE MEDITERRANEAN BETWEEN GIBRALTAR AND  
ALGIERS, SUNDAY, 11 A. M., MARCH 20, 1904.



LETTERS FOR ALGIERS we are to hand to the purser between 4 and 5 o'clock today, and, with church and Sunday school, it doesn't leave much time for letter writing, so if this letter is short you will know why. Our Sunday school is at 2:45. We have just listened to a good sermon, but not a grand one like we heard last Sabbath.

"We arrived at Gibraltar on schedule time yesterday morning. It did not look as I expected to see it—one lone rock—but connected with it is a stretch of level ground and low-lying hills, and on the top of one of these low hills is a beautiful little city, the name of which I have forgotten, but the translation of which means 'the Crown of the Pope.' This, of course, is a Spanish city and there is another town still nearer Gibraltar. Between this last town and Gibraltar lies a low stretch of land which is neutral ground and not a soul is allowed upon it; it is guarded on one side by the Spanish soldiers and on the Gibraltar side by the English. Connecting this Spanish



town and Gibraltar is a broad road over which everybody must pass in going from one town to another. Some of our party went over into the dirty Spanish town, but the authorities would not let their drivers inside the gates of the city. The poor cannot pass through that gate with a whole loaf of bread; they must break it up into pieces and give it to different members of a party. We saw them, on our Gibraltar ride, forming into groups, wrapping and unwrapping things and hiding others, preparing to go to the Spanish town. As our driver said, 'bad government over there; very bad for the poor people.' But Gibraltar itself is very beautiful, towering high above everything and guarding the great Mediterranean sea. It seemed almost alive to me as I thought of the guns and ammunition hidden within it, for it was fairly peppered with little holes invisible from the sea. The city itself is built at the foot and partly up the sides of the rock and divided in the middle; one half contains only English residents and the other half is cosmopolitan. The market is very interesting; it also is divided—the Moors selling mostly turkeys, chickens, rabbits, baskets and hens eggs, and the nationalities on the other side of the road selling meat, fruit, dates, nuts, etc., etc. Donkeys are used for everything—mostly for coal; they go from house to house with it. We saw one little donkey with a big load of wares and right on top of the load sat two men. The women look the funniest; they just sit on top of the load so comfortably. We were forbidden to take pictures of the rock itself and the galleries, but I was so afraid of pointing it toward Gibraltar

that I only took a few pictures of donkeys, etc., and the people got in the way so dreadfully that I am afraid the pictures won't amount to much. This reminds me of a good joke on a member of our party. She met another member of the cruise on the streets of Gibraltar yesterday and said to her: 'I know now why we are almost crowded out of Gibraltar; it's the Jerusalem crowd from that boat yonder in the harbor.' You see she did not recognize her own boat because she had never noticed the word Jerusalem in large letters on the sides, so she supposed it was another cruise going to Jerusalem, and she was quite put out over the crowded condition of the streets. We had a senseless guide who walked us the first thing over half way up the mountain, for nothing in the world but a view of the harbor, and that tired us out for all day. Mrs. Park and I went almost to the limit of our strength. We would have turned back, but did not know the way, so we just had to go. Mrs. P. couldn't run down hill (as it was she said the natives laughed at her all the way down) so at the foot of the hill I sat down and waited for her; then, of course, we were lost; but the Americans came in view at every turn, and we met the same lady and gentleman who rode in the ox sled with us in Funchal, so we four bargained again with a driver and had a two hours' ride over the rock and on Spanish ground. We did not see much of the fort itself. Some of our party saw more than we did, but they were turned back at a certain point, and so was the Emperor of Germany himself at the same point, for you will see by the papers that he was there with us and the city was in gala dress. Mrs. P.

explained in her letter why he did not call upon us, so I will let that pass. Our ship was decorated beautifully in his honor and he was on a sister ship of ours, so the bulletin announced. A few of our party saw him; we saw his vessel at anchor.

“The first thing I bought was a pretty little brass bowl, made by the Moors, 25 cents. Mrs. P. bought one, too. We like those kind of things better than the laces and shawls which were shown in abundance and bought by the dozens by our passengers. At another store I came across a beautiful old Morocco enameled bowl with part of the enamel peeled off. Well, I knew I would have to have that bowl, so I began to bargain for it. I had the clerk take it down with a lot of other bowls so that he wouldn't know which one I wanted, then I asked the price of all of them; the one that I wanted was \$1.50. I told him that I would give him 50c, and he withered me with a look; later I offered him \$1, and he said no, but that I could have it for \$1.75. I shook my head and went around looking at other things, and he kept following me up, but I wouldn't offer any more and made believe I was going; then he ran to the end of the store, got the bowl and commenced wrapping it up and said I could have it for \$1.25, but I said no, and handed him just \$1. He took it without any hesitation. You see I knew just how to go about it, as old Dr. Jessup, the missionary on board, instructed us. I helped drive some bargains for Mrs. Park, too. She bought a bag for \$1, and the man asked \$2.50 in the first place.

“Yesterday one of our party was taking a snapshot of the street, and the fort must have been in the background,

for he was immediately arrested. I did not hear how it ended, but he must be on board. The sick boy was left at Gibraltar at the hospital in the care of a missionary friend of his father, who came to the dock to meet him, expecting to give him a big day of pleasure, but instead found him very ill.

"Mailed a postal to Mildred from Gibraltar, also one at Madeira, and I intend to do the same at every stop.

"We saw the new English hospital on the Rock of Gibraltar above the English quarters, also on one of the highest points a signal station. We were just leaving yesterday when they signaled that some of our passengers were left. We waited until their boat overtook us. You know we had to land in large tenders. There were ammunition stations, too, at the top of the rock, and boxes of it were going up all the time on cables overhead. We saw the immense dry dock (in building) employing 2000 men for six years already, and not finished yet. I did not realize before the importance of Gibraltar—it is said if England should lose it, it would plunge the whole world into war. We got some splendid views of it in riding around, but I did not dare take a picture of it from land, as the soldiers were as thick as bees.

"We expect to be in Algiers all day tomorrow. We heard about it in several talks last evening. Dr. Jessup told the thrilling incident of the massacre of the Christians at Damascus and the Algerian general, Prince Abdul Kadir, living there, who came to the rescue. He again cautioned us to be careful on all foreign ground, especially in the mosques. When we enter them we will either have to remove our shoes or put something over them which will be



provided. He says that the beautiful sheen so much desired on their fine rugs is a kind of polish made by the bare feet. No shoe ever touches them, and if one even mentions a shoe he apologizes for it. Dr. Jessup is a very interesting old gentleman.

"Well, I must go up to Sunday school now or I won't get a seat. I will add a line afterwards.

"We have only seen one automobile since leaving New York, and where do you think that was? Funchal, that quaint old town. It looked decidedly out of place. I could not tell the make, but it was a big white one.

"We had a large Sunday school today and a fine one, too. Mr. Pearce, of Chicago, (secretary of the national teachers training work) was superintendent; attendance 588; collection \$61.06. Mrs. Park had a full class again, mostly her pupils of last week, Mr. and Mrs. Warren among them. In teachers' meeting last night Mr. W. wanted to know if they couldn't go to their same classes, saying, 'I love my Sunday school teacher.' He is such a nice man; however, I think you had better inform Mr. Park.

"I must close now and take this to the purser to mail in the morning at Algiers."



# ALGIERS

## LETTER NO. 4.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST. ON THE MEDITERRANEAN, BETWEEN ALGIERS AND MALTA,  
TUESDAY EVENING, MARCH 22, 1904.



ESTERDAY morning early we arrived at Algiers, the French capital of Algeria. The night before in a lecture we heard about its pirates who lived there; they held sway for centuries. The inhabitants are the greatest conglomeration of nations that you ever can imagine; nearly every head is turbanned or fezzed and hundreds of the women are veiled, with only the eyes visible, costume in cream color, so that it looks like a "sheet and pillow case party" everywhere. The population is composed of Arabs, Turks, Moors, Bedouins, Negroes, Maltese, French and Europeans in their national costumes. Some of the natives are as white as we are and others are blacker than the blackest man you ever saw, at least they appear so in contrast with their white turbans and drapery. Most of them are very superstitious about having their pictures taken and it is really dangerous to attempt it sometimes. I tried it on one big fellow yesterday, then immediately turned the camera on our ship lying in the harbor and made it click as if it went off, but he eyed

me with suspicion until I was out of sight. Upon landing, the whole 800 of us went for our ride in open carriages or cabs (holding four persons and driver). Where they got all the cabs is more than I can tell; they must have scoured the country all around for them. But it is a large city of 70,000 inhabitants. It is divided into the old town (the Arab quarter) and the new town (French). We were driven first through the streets seeing strange sights at every turn, then to the beautiful country, a sort of continuous park and vegetable garden on the high hills back of the city; we went to the very top and then descended by another road. Wild flowers bloomed all the way up, we picked some to press. The beautiful villas we passed on our way down and into the city were nearly all named, either on the front doors or on the high gate-posts. The houses are all tile-roofed and are so picturesque. We stopped at the Governor's palace and walked about the grounds, which were very beautiful. The high walls which surround nearly every house or villa are usually made of cement, and stuck in thick on the top are pieces of broken bottles and glass. We saw this also at Gibraltar and Funchal. The stores are all quite small, even in the French quarter, but the buildings are large, with colonades, and blocks in length. It is a great temptation to buy things; everything is so interesting and cheap, or it seems so to us. At the end of our drive we were left in the old Arab quarter among the cathedrals and mosques. We went into one of the latter with a guide. There were no seats inside, but the floor was covered entirely (except a piece at the back where we all stood) with strips of velvet car-

pet. The Arabs put over our shoes, sandals or wooden slippers (the latter just a board with one strap) and we went forward only about four at a time and it was too funny to see them skating slowly along, for we did not dare go very fast for fear of stepping out of them. This happened in several cases and when it did an Arab would go "Shee-e-cee" and skate over to the victim and with gesticulations replace the slipper immediately. Away up in one of the front corners of the building about twenty Arabs squatted upon the floor; it was a class with a teacher studying the Koran. We then went to the market, a very dirty but interesting place. There we left our guide, and Mrs. Park and I went back to some of the stores we had seen in the old Arab quarter. Of course, they were regular junk shops, and the things I wanted were antique and too expensive, so, as we couldn't strike a bargain, we thought that we would try and find the French quarter by going through the "old town" which resulted in our getting lost. I could not think of the French word for stores to save me and we tried every way to make the natives understand, when finally the word came to me like a flash and we were sent on our way, and only about a block further on we found the French store. Near there was a park, where we sat down and ate our lunch which we had brought with us, then we wandered again down to the old stores and this time struck a bargain, surrounded by about twenty natives. Mrs. Park and I each bought an old brass hanging "lantern"—they called it—for about 50 cents each; in the first place he asked \$1.20 for mine and 60 cents for Mrs. Park's. They don't drop in their



prices like the other places we have visited. I then tried to take a few pictures of the interesting natives, but without much success, as the beggars were so "bothersome" and the boys so mean. We then went on the search of some green jugs which I saw when we were driving in the morning, and we walked and walked till we nearly dropped we were so tired, and only found one quite large one; it was heavy too, but I wasn't going without so I bought it anyway for 25 cents and it did me good service in developing today. Our room is looking just like a junk shop already, but I have made up my mind to buy some little things for my collection at every stop and I will never be sorry for it, as it will always be such a pleasure to possess them. I was going to buy an evening waist there (which I need very much on the boat as they always dress for dinner), but there was nothing fit, only very expensive embroidered ones. The weather has been simply perfect—at every stop and on board, too; it has only rained a little in the night several times. This is our daily program when on board. Bath at 6:20; breakfast, 7:30; just a few minutes in our rooms or a short walk, then morning prayers at 9; then a little mending or writing, and now a "deep breathing" class at 10:15 taught by Jessie Ackerman; luncheon, 11:30 to 12:30. It takes a long time to eat, as everything is served in courses. The triangle is sounded at the end of each course and everything goes off like clock work. We usually take a nap after luncheon as we don't get enough sleep at night (set watches forward one-half hour every night), but today I hurried to my room to develop films so that I could finish by 2:30, when

we have choir practice. I developed two rolls of film and was just five minutes late to practice. Then afterwards I went back and tended to the negatives which were soaking; had about 20 minutes' rest before the first bugle call for dinner. Got up and dressed, then ate dinner from 5:30 to 6:30; went right up stairs and began writing this. Now the second sitting is through and I had to come down into the main dining room again as soon as it was cleared, to hold my seat in the choir, as we have to be here five minutes before time. There is always a lecture of some kind every evening, and we do not get to bed till after 11 o'clock, so now you know how busy we are, but it makes the time pass very quickly. From now on we will be sight seeing more than ever, and I will have a hard time finding a few moments in which to write.

Mr. Jacobs was planning today for the choir at Mars Hill, Athens.

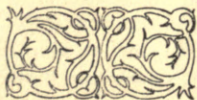
Oh, yes, we had a grand reception last evening; that is we all wore our "glad clothes," passed before the central committee and wives, also the captain of the boat, shook hands with all, announcing our name and state and then received our convention badge—a small neat button or pin. Mrs. Park and I were among the first 100, so we sat down and watched all the rest pass in their "glad" clothes and there was a steady stream until about 10:30—and they began at 8:45, so perhaps now you can imagine what a crowd we are. We had some witty speeches by the committee and others at the close and a little music. We are truly having a fine time and such a lovely good natured crowd to travel with.

My films did not turn out very well today; as I expected, it was too dark in

the narrow streets and the focus on my new camera bothers me. ,

I must close now so that I may mail this in the morning at Malta. We will cable tomorrow. It seems just dreadful not to hear from home when we have been gone so long.

I wish you could have seen us yesterday wandering alone through the streets of Algiers with the natives, and I would have given a good deal for a picture of Mrs. Park as she sat on a bench in the park where I left her when I wandered in the square to take pictures; on the same bench with her were Arabs, negroes, Turks, and regular tramps, but it was in the shade and I couldn't take the picture; however, I had a good laugh at her.





# MALTA

## LETTER NO. 5.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST, LEAVING MALTA,  
WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1904.



HIS IS THE EVENING of our day of sight seeing at Valetta, Malta (or Mdita). We anchored in the harbor early this morning with our minds full of the history of the island, having heard it last evening from several good speakers. But for all this preparation we were delightfully surprised with the beautiful and interesting cities, for we took the train to Citta Vecchia (pronounced Chitta Veckia) really a continuation of Valetta. The country between these two cities is filled with thousands of stone walls dividing the land up into small bits of every shape and design, like a crazy quilt; one patch will be probably a foot or two lower than the patch next to it, and the various colors make it all the more like a patch-work quilt — purple, yellow, brown, light and dark green, etc. Where these patches are uncultivated the large leaf cactus, like that of California, grows rank, often to the top of a one-story house. The buildings are all built of the same material as the walls — a kind of cream color stone, which I think hardens when exposed to the air. We took the train the first thing for Citta Vecchia, but there were so many delays that we did not reach there till



after 10 o'clock, so we took a carriage—Mrs. Park, Mr. Lorenz and myself—and were driven up a steep hill through the little old town to the great cathedral there. Service was going on and the organ thundered an "Amen" now and then. The cathedral was beautifully decorated with paintings, etc.; the chanting was all in monotone. From there we drove a short distance to the catacombs where Christians are buried. These catacombs are more extensive than those of Rome, but less interesting because there are no decorations or inscriptions. They have not been fully excavated yet, so the full extent of them is unknown. The guide gave us each a lighted candle, then taking one himself he led the way into the narrow subterranean passages; we had to stoop many times on account of the low ceilings. We saw the shelves where a single corpse had lain, then a large family vault; another showed a wide bed for sleeping on, on one side the narrow passage, and on the other a shelf which held three bodies—a man woman and child; in another room was a baptismal font. The bodies have been removed to museums. We were glad to come out into the beautiful daylight again, for we were favored with another pleasant day for our sight-seeing. We then drove to the small museum, where columns, vases and mural decorations which had been unearthed were shown. This part of Melita is the old part, and is full of the history of the early Christians, the knights of the eight pointed cross, the Maltese cross. After taking a few snap shots under great difficulties, on account of the "Jerusalem" crowd and begging natives, we drove to the station and reached Va-

letta past noon; had a hard time getting something to eat at a crowded restaurant, but we finally succeeded in getting a cup of good chocolate and bread and butter; then with Mr. Lorenz's help we found the cable office, sent our cablegram (the address and one word for 8 shillings, \$2); then visited the shops. Mrs. Park bought a number of things at the jewelry stores, but I wandered up and down hunting a "junk shop;" at last I found what I wanted, but alas! it was an auction store and the man wouldn't sell me anything until the auction began which made it too late for me, so I went clear to the other end of the street and there right near Thos. Cook's office, where I was to meet Mrs. Park, I found a store. I invested 60 cents after a great deal of bargaining and bought an embroidered table doiley in dark rich blues and a little brass cup; also to get rid of me (so Mrs. Park said) the man gave me a pretty little fan for an American nickel—but they always smile in the end.

Last night at the table I heard Mr. Warren give his experience in trying to buy a carved ivory elephant for \$5; the man asked \$50 for it in the first place, he said he could have gotten it for \$10.

Thursday, 24th.—Just before leaving the city for the steamer Mrs. Park and I visited the old church of the skulls where the walls of a building (now crumbling) are lined with the bones and skulls of the early Christians. Along the dock the harbor was literally filled with small row boats something like gondolas, flying the American flag or a flag with one star upon it; these were the boats which took our passengers ack and forth, and in the morning

when we went over we just happened to be in the handsomest row boat in the harbor—they told us—beautifully carved and bearing the coat of arms of somebody. We reached the steamer in time to lie down a few minutes before dinner and I tell you we were tired and hungry. We coaled at Malta and I watched the men unload the great barges of it carrying all of it in large baskets on their backs up the gang planks into the hold. They said that there were forty-six of the barges.

When we left Malta the captain very kindly went back several miles to St. Paul's Bay, where the Apostle Paul was shipwrecked. We passed it so early that morning that scarcely anybody saw it. Today I read the description in Acts 27th and 28th Chapters and it fits the spot exactly—where the two seas met. There is a statue of St. Paul just above the bay. The waves dashing on the shore were noticeably larger than at any other place, probably on account of two opposing currents.

It does not seem possible that our next stop will be Athens—early tomorrow morning—and we will be there two days and a half. Malta as you know belongs to England but it is very hard to find anyone who speaks English, especially on the streets, the language is Maltese, a mixture of the Venetian and Arabic. We made a mistake in not getting a supply of foreign money before leaving New York; they do not readily take our American money and "Cooks" at Malta would not take American gold. French and English money is used mostly. The carriages at Malta all have rounded square tops with curtains draped at the four posts and they are all of a light yellow color; that



is the carriages are; the curtains range from white to a dark color.

I want to tell Mildred about the kind of milk the little children in this country drink and how they get it. Every now and then in the narrow crowded streets one sees a small herd of goats—about a dozen in a bunch, led by a boy, girl or ragged man or woman; the goats do not get lost in the crowd, for the leader keeps saying “hike-hike-hike” to them; then if a little girl wants a drink of milk she runs to the door, which opens right on the street, and holds her cup or glass while the goat is milked. It is a funny sight. Sometimes just one or two goats are led by a man. I saw one sign in Malta which read: “Cow’s milk for sale here.”

I am afraid that the last part of our trip will seem tame to us after the interesting sights we are seeing now. All of it, so far, surpasses my fondest dreams. Just to look at Malta from the harbor, carries one back centuries upon centuries, for it was founded B. C. It looks like a continuous castle in a semi-circle around the harbor, high towers and forts all of stone. We passed over a draw-bridge too, in the main street. The island of Malta was given by Charles I. of France to the knights of the eight pointed star, who were driven from their own country, Tripoli, by the Turks.

We had a talk this morning on what to wear in Palestine for our side trips, by Mrs. Warren, who was there about this time last year. We will have to buy hats and a kind of handkerchief to wear over them to keep the sun off our necks; also dark glasses. Everybody, nearly, complains of his or her

eyes; mine have hurt a great deal--especially on shore.

The Mediterranean is as smooth as a river and has been so ever since we struck it. The captain said that we could take this trip forty times and never find it like this--so delightful, we scarcely rock at all.

I forgot to tell you how the Maltese women dress; always in black, with a large black piece like an apron over their heads. On one side of the head this is stiffened and stands out as if filled with wind. They always hold it with one hand and it is a wonder to me how they keep it on in a gale, for they do not have hat pins. Little girls wear this costume, too.

It is nearly dinner time now and I must close and take this to the purser before 6 o'clock. He mails and stamps them for 1 cent extra and it is worth it, for it is often a trouble to find the post-office. After choir practice this afternoon we had a fine talk on Palestine by Dr. Jessup. Last night, too, he gave us a splendid talk on "Forty-eight Years a Missionary in Syria." How I wish that I could remember everything he says. I tried to take a few notes.

In changing our trip the only things we hate to miss are Jacob's well and Samaria. If I feel equal to it and it is not too warm, I may try to go there from Jerusalem, as we will have some extra time there; but it will take two days anyway. You have our cablegram by this time and you know that we are well and happy. We do not dare hope for mail at Athens. I will write you a letter after every stop, so if you miss one you will know that it is lost.

# ATHENS

## LETTER NO. 6.

HOTEL GRANDE-BRETAGNE, PROPS. E. LAMPSA  
ATHENES, LE 26TH MARCH, 1904.



HAVE SEEN THE ACROPOLIS! It is too wonderful for description—the temples are all so much larger than I supposed. The hill stands at one end of the city of Athens and those wonderful temples in ruins are on the top; the columns are all immense—not so small as they appear in pictures. Of course, the Parthenon is the gem. Its majesty is indescribable, even in ruins, and what must it have been in all its glory! No wonder that Phidias was inspired in its decorations. A very few of these decorations remain upon the building, some are in the museums here, but most of them were removed to London by Lord Elgin. I saw the original marble of the "Sandal Victory," a copy of which I have at home. It is in the museum at the Acropolis and I tried to take a picture of it. I am over at Athens alone today, (you know we have to take the train from Piraeus, where our boat is anchored.) I got off at the first station, climbed up over Mars Hill (quite a mountain from the Athens side) and then up to the Acropolis.

This is a short cut but a pretty hard climb. I have been wandering all morning over the ruins taking snap shots, which is very difficult to do successfully with the small cameras, as neither of them has a sliding lens board, therefore I have to tip them up a little to get the high columns. While sitting in the little "Victory" temple resting, I saw a touching sight. Mrs. Hartshorn is an invalid, can only walk a few steps at a time, and I looked down and saw Mr. Hartshorn, Mr. Jacobs, and a guide carrying her up the long marble steps of the Acropolis in a chair. They finally reached the top and when they had set the chair down Mr. Hartshorn leaned over and kissed her so tenderly, saying "There, 'mother,' just look around you!"

The temple of Jupiter Olympus, too, is magnificent; it stands alone on the level ground below the Acropolis; on the other side of Mars Hill and below it, is the Theseum Temple, the most perfectly preserved of all the ruins.

Sunday evening, March 27. Aboard Str. Grosser Kurfurst.—The above was written while sitting in the hotel at Athens waiting for dinner, and there was such a din in my ears that I could scarcely think. The first day in Athens, (Friday), we were driven in carriages to the principal points of interest. Had the same carriage in the afternoon. We reached "home" very tired, but filled with the grandeur and beauty of what we had seen. My study of the Acropolis two years ago was wonderfully helpful to me, and, of course, made the temples doubly interesting.

I took my own measurement of one of the Parthenon columns today; with both arms outstretched it took four of



these measurements to reach around the column, so you can guess a little at their size. They are the fluted Doric columns, the simplest of all, and to me the most beautiful. On the Acropolis are examples of all three—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The orchestra is playing the most beautiful music in my ears and it is so hard to write, as I want to listen; it has just finished "The Palms," this being Palm Sunday.

Now I must tell you about our impressive service on Mars Hill this morning. We went in "droves" from 8 o'clock till 10. As we arrived among the first we had choice seats upon the ground. It was a very beautiful morning, but the wind blew pretty hard, so we sat on the east side of the rock where we were somewhat sheltered from it. While we were waiting, the most of us read the account of Paul at Athens, and then we sang a few hymns before church began. I think it was "America" with which the service opened, and all who had flags waved them, then Dr. Potts of Canada, "stood in the midst" bare headed, and preached one of the most beautiful sermons I ever heard, on "Jesus Christ and the Resurrection," pure and simple. Rev. Pierce, the great Sunday school man, sat near me, and the tears streamed down his cheeks as that venerable gray-haired man gave utterance to such beautiful truths. Dr. Potts only referred to Paul a few times, but I forgot to say that just before he began the whole congregation read the 17th chapter of Acts and then he took for his text the 18th verse.

Mrs. Park went right home after church with the rest of the crowd, but I went to the Acropolis for the last

time and wandered amid the ruins for an hour, but I finally tore myself away and ran down the marble steps, climbed Mars Hill and down the other side to the station, running a good deal of the way; just caught the train, and then the tug at the landing here; reached the ship, ran all the way to the dining room and was just in time for the second course of the first sitting—a little after 1 o'clock, and Mrs. Park missed the first course, too, and she took the train ahead of me, but met with delays at every turn.

We were both so tired out that we went to bed right after dinner; had a good nap and rest and now feel almost as good as new.

We have had breakfast at 6:30 for the past two mornings.

We are to listen to a talk by some missionaries in a few minutes, but I think we will not stay through it all as we want to get a good rest for Constantinople, tomorrow. Our pass-ports did not arrive at Athens, but Mr. Clark says that we will get them at Constantinople. I hope so, as we cannot land in Palestine without the Turkish tezkera which we bought in New York, but it had to be sent to Washington first.

The shops were not attractive at Athens, so I only bought two little trinkets at the Parthenon and a photo of the parthenon in town. I wanted one of the very large photos of it, and perhaps I will be sorry that I did not get one; but, of course, I must think of the expense still before me. The hills and the Acropolis in the distance were very beautiful as we drew out of the harbor this afternoon. I climbed down out of my berth to see it, stuck my head out of the port hole in our

room, and got a good dose of white paint from the outside of the ship. They painted it yesterday.

I have just been told that it is the 14th of March in Athens today, but I do not understand it.

They have some paper money about 2 x 1½ inches. We each have two or three of their small coins left, worth in all only about 8 cents in our money. We are getting to be experts in counting the coins of the different countries. One man came to the table the other day and announced that he was two hours counting his change, and he had in all just \$2.50. It is a common sight to see a passenger in deep study over a handful of coppers and small coins. We have already had Grecian, English, French, Moorish, Spanish, American, Canadian and other coins. The lecture is in progress now and I must close.









# ATHENS

## LETTER NO. 7.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST, NEARING CON-  
STANTINOPLE, MARCH 28, 1904.



HIS morning early we passed the site of ancient Troy, and a little this side of there while we were at breakfast we stood still for about half an hour waiting for a permit to enter the Turkish domains, I suppose. A Mrs. Grant at our table—a pleasant traveling companion—is going to treat our table to a day's ride in Constantinople with a private guide. We can see so much more that way as one guide has to go a long way in this crowd of 800. It seems to me that each place has been more interesting than the one preceding it—especially Athens, with those wonderful old temples and sculpture, and, above all, the Parthenon there.

The first day in Athens we had the privilege of seeing a Greek funeral. The procession passed our hotel at noon. The body is always carried in the coffin by men walking, but the lid of the casket is taken off and carried by a man in the very front of the procession. The head is raised above the top of the coffin and exposed, so that every one may see it as it is carried through the streets. The mourners walk behind the corpse, and then follow the empty hearse and carriages. The hearse is used simply as a mark of

respect by the wealthy; the poor never use one. The carriages are taken along so that the mourners may ride home. It was a fearful sight to see that dead face turned up to the light—the face of a woman.

There has been a great change in the weather the past 24 hours, it is so cold that we are all going around with our wraps and hats on. The wind is so piercing that it has given me neuralgia. Nearly everybody has a cold. I warded off two or three but finally took one at Athens—getting overheated; it is very hard to keep from it while traveling.

We have just listened to a talk by two missionaries of Turkey who boarded our ship at Athens. After the lecture they placed on sale a lot of needlework done by native women, mostly widows of massacred husbands, and they were simply snatched up; not a piece was left. It beat any "sale" I ever saw. Mrs. Park managed to get a few pieces; it is beautiful work. I was twenty feet from the nearest display and I knew that there was no use even trying to see it.

The other evening, as I was leaving the room at a lecture on board, a lady left at the same time and when we reached the hall she spoke to me, asking me if I did not have a brother abroad four years ago. She said that she couldn't remember his name but that I was so much like him and that he was from Oregon and his name was George. Thinking that she had confused George with Joe, I told her when Joe was there, for she said that it was at The Hague she met him, and I found that it was in August, before Joe sailed, that she met the gentleman. Then she said "There is something very familiar about your

face; did I not meet you in Paris?" Then when I mentioned the name of the Hotel at The Hague she said: "Why, it was you who sent me there; I met you at Paris; you were with your father and had your wheels, and I went to the hotel you told me about and rested there three weeks, and that was where I met the young man who reminded me of you." But it was not Joe. Now, wasn't that strange? She is the second one on this trip who met me abroad four years ago.

We have a very comfortable state-room and our room-mate is a very nice middle-aged lady. She has a granddaughter named Mildred and speaks of her often. I have not seen any rugs yet that I would want to buy but probably will at Beyrout, as Mrs. Jessup (wife of Dr. Jessup, who has been a missionary there for 48 years and who, at the age of 72, is going back to the field now) told me that Damascus was the best place and Beyrout next, so as we are not going to Damascus (\$30 extra) I will likely buy one at Beyrout.

I wish you could hear the music that we have every evening at dinner. Of course, the musicians are all German, and they do play beautifully. The program is printed every evening on the back of the menu card and it is repeated at the second sitting. We have first sittings at 5:30.

Mrs. Park let me buy one of her little doilies and I will enclose it in this for your birthday as it is so light in weight; it is all made by hand with simply a needle and a spool of thread—a doily from Turkey.







# CONSTANTINOPLE

## LETTER NO. 8.

ON BOARD THE GROSSER KURFURST, AEGEAN SEA,  
THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1904.



IT SEEMS a week since I last wrote you, so much has been crowded into a few days.

We finished Athens, or rather it finished me, Sunday at noon. However, I think I told you all about that day. Then we had a day on the boat, but no rest, for there were meetings and many things to attend to before we reached Constantinople. This great capital is really a beautiful city, with its towering minarets and round domes of the mosques, which alone distinguish it from other cities. Of course, the population is unknown as it is forbidden to take a census, but whatever it is, just multiply it by four and you will have the number of dogs which it contains. I never saw anything like it; they sleep all day and bark and howl all night, beginning their concert at 12 o'clock midnight—and this is the truth. We saw hundreds upon hundreds of dogs—nearly all ugly yellow ones—and I think they subsist upon the garbage which is thrown into the streets. They take up nearly all the sidewalks, napping in the day time while the people walk in the streets; and these people

are a strange sight. Imagine a great throng of men with every head topped with a red fez and you have the picture, for there are scarcely any women on the streets and every man, hardly without exception, wears a fez, although nearly all wear the European dress, so that when a number of our men and boys aboard adopted the Turkish head-dress we could not tell them from the Turks, for the latter are not darker than the average man we see on our streets at home. However, some of the Arabs and men of other nationalities who wear the fez are quite dark; they are Turks, too, but not Moslems. There are a great many Turkish Jews, too. The best known man of the latter class is "Far-away Moses" who has a store at the Bazaar where all tourists go to shop.

To return to the dogs. The Turks are superstitious about them and will never kill one. I believe the penalty for doing so is two years imprisonment, so that as we were warned before hand, we were over kind to the dogs; but accidents will happen, and last night one of our preachers and three young men went after dark to town and they had not gone far till they noticed quite a stir, but had no idea that they were the cause of it until they saw that they were almost closed in upon by soldiers who were watching them suspiciously. They then decided to return to the boat and in their haste one of them stepped on a dog; it howled, and immediately a soldier drew a knife and held it over his head. The young man ran and so did the other three as hard as they could, till they reached the boat. When some one asked the young man why he ran, he said because he couldn't

fly. The Turks are very suspicious, but otherwise we found them very kind and polite. However, there is not a man among them who will not cheat an American at every opportunity, and Turkish money is so hard to understand. The first morning we were all in a "muddle." In some way the first carriages did not understand the orders of guides, and for about two hours we scarcely moved. We were in carriages and they stood in double line in the narrow streets, so, of course, none could move till they all moved. Guides were scarce and the drivers might have been deaf, dumb and blind for all they could understand. No; I will take it back, not dumb, for of all noises, the native tongues of the places we have visited are most fearful. The drivers stand up and fairly yell volleys of the most awful sounding language at one another till it seems that a fist fight is imminent, but when they are through, they calmly sit down till another man appears and then they are at it again. It keeps one on the verge of nervous exhaustion, not knowing whether it means murder or theft or only admonition. Miss Ackerman told us the other day that she was afraid to ask a man a certain question twice, because it sounded like he was swearing at her.

Well, after the carriages got started, we were told to get out and climb a high stone tower not far from the wharf. No one could tell us what we would see, so, leaving Mrs. Park at the foot, up I went, up and up the winding stairs, meeting at every platform the down coming pilgrims all saying the same thing: "It doesn't pay," "look out for the fresh paint up there;" but I was like everybody else and went to

the top; there was a fine view, but I was so provoked with myself for coming that I didn't enjoy it, for I saw that it didn't pay, and I also saw the fresh yellow paint with which hundreds of our pilgrims were branded. It was really very funny after it was all over, —our doing the "fire" tower. We then visited the museum without a guide, but there happened to be a lady in our party, a teacher at the American College at Constantinople, who told us about the interesting things at the museum, the greatest treasure being a sarcophagus, supposed to have been made by the Greeks for Alexander the Great; it was found at Sidon—I believe by a missionary. It is very large and I think, is marble. The design represents a war scene of Alexander's time, and the figures are very, very beautiful. It is in almost perfect condition and is colored a little; that is, tinted in colors. We then drove to the treasury and public buildings, in one of which we were all treated to coffee and rose-leaf jam. The former is served in tiny cups without cream, but sweetened till it is a syrup. The latter is made of rose leaves and looks and tastes just like jelly without the flavor of a fruit. It is put into a small dish in the center of a large tray; tiny spoons are arranged around it and the remainder of the tray is filled with tumblers of cold water. There are two ways of eating, one is to dip your spoon into the jam, take a taste of it, then a swallow of water and so on. The other way is to take a spoonful of the jam and stir it into the glass of water and then drink it. We tried the second method, but we will never tell how much we drank,



and, strange to say, neither of us asked for a second cup of coffee.

After refreshments we crossed a small court, went up some stone steps, passed a large basin of water with a fountain high above the ground, and entered a most beautiful room with a round dome like a mosque. Here the Sultan comes about twice a year to read the Koran. The embroidery, rugs, etc., are beautiful, the walls are all blue tiling and there is a beautiful bay window and an immense fire place in the room. We then crossed the court again and, after standing for a long time in groups of 50, we finally entered the treasury. In this building we saw everything that could be jeweled, from two beautiful thrones to pistols and vases. You know the Turks sit on the floor, so these thrones are different from anything that I ever saw in their line. They are shaped something like a horse-shoe and from a distance looked a little like a sofa; but it is really a padded floor surrounded by what would be the back and sides of an old-fashioned sofa, and the whole of it is completely covered with pearls and rubies and other jewels, as is also the heavy satin pillow at the back and the step or foot-stool in front of the opening. I tell you it is gorgeous—one is red, with rubies, the other blue, with turquoise.

We then drove directly to the boat, too late for the first sitting, and you can't imagine what it means to land several hundred people on a boat, too late for dinner; but the deck stewards did their best and by using each others forks and knives and even plates, and drinking our soup out of cups, we managed to get a pretty good luncheon. Of course we were late starting out again;

but we kept the same driver and went the rounds independent of any guide, and we got along much better, for nearly every place we visited we met a party with a guide, and tagged along. We went to the palace of the former Sultan; gorgeous beyond description is the throne room, from the floor of inlaid hard wood to the high dome. Nothing that I saw in Paris could compare with its decoration, which is exceedingly showy—and gorgeous is the only word that describes it.

We then drove across the bridge again and visited two Mosques, the most noted of which is St. Sophia (pronounced So-fee-yah) and we just happened to be there during service, which made it very interesting. They allowed us to go into the galleries and look on. When they prostrate themselves, they first get on their knees, then place the palms of their hands flat on the floor in front of them, bending forward till their foreheads touch the floor. They remain in this position till the high priest calls again, they then kneel or stand and always all together. They never make a mistake through it all; they are so very, very graceful in all their movements and it is very interesting to watch them, but the heart of a Christian looking on is filled with pity for them. The mosque is beautiful and so old. Outside of every mosque are numerous places for performing their ablutions before prayer, which you know is a part of their ceremony.

It is late, and I must tell you about the Bazaars in another letter, for we breakfast at 6 in the morning and visit Ephesus and Smyrna both in one day and sail again tomorrow night, the first change in our program.

# CONSTANTIOPLE

## LETTER NO. 9.

STEAMER GROSSER KURFURST ON THE MEDITER-  
RANEAN NEAR RHODES, SATURDAY EVENING,  
APRIL 2, 1904.



IN MY last letter I did not tell about the Bazaars at Constantinople. They are one of the sights of the city and were not included in the regular carriage drives. An American could not go there alone, especially a lady, so on Wednesday, our last day in the city, Mrs. Park and I concluded to take a carriage with a driver who could speak a little English, if possible. So while we were hunting him, guides came up and offered their services, which, of course, we refused, thinking that we could not afford both, but in the confusion one man offered his services, saying that he was one of "Clark's" guides and that it would cost us nothing, so we gladly accepted his offer and went in great style in a swell carriage with coachman and guide. We first drove to the kodak shop where I bought 14 rolls of film paying about 10 cents more a roll than at New York, the regular price being about 15 cents more. I gave the man \$20 and such a time as I had getting the right change; the guide stood in with the man and I stood for myself

and stuck to it. The men I think were honest, but did not understand the value of their money in English or American coin. It happened to be next door to "Cook's," so we waited till they opened (about half an hour) as the shopkeeper was willing to let Cook's man settle the question. It paid to wait even if we did have to pay carriage hire, as I gained nearly \$3 by it. After purchasing the films, which, by the way, I was so glad to get, as it was impossible to buy them on board and I had just about run out, with practically all my trip before me, we drove about two miles to the Bazaars. These we found to be numerous little shops in narrow alleys with a great deal of goods displayed outside. The shopkeepers would almost pull us into their stores and our guide was quite necessary here; he thought that he was all important. We had a fine time, and I bought a beautiful rug—Turkish, of course, I think Saraband. I had had a little experience in rug-bargaining the evening before on board. A merchant had his rugs on the upper promenade deck and I had spied two rugs that I wanted. Of course, he had them on display for me, when along came a man (with a hint from Mr. Clark, the tourist man) and he offered more than I did and got one rug; it was a beauty. The other was too high for me. Before I left the deck I got pretty well acquainted with the rug man—in fact, we were good friends—so the next day when I returned to the boat I told him that I had bought a rug in town. Of course, he wanted to see it so I told him all right, to come down stairs and I would show it to him. Before opening it I made him promise



that he would honestly tell me the truth about it. So, telling him what I paid for it, I opened it and spread it on the floor. "Well," he said, "that's not bad, not bad," in a very thoughtful manner examining it, and I was very well satisfied, for I thought that was a good deal for one dealer to say about another dealer's goods. The man I bought it of was a "one-price" man, for a wonder, so that it was very hard to bargain with him but I finally did get it \$3 cheaper than his price. Mrs. Park said that "nobody could have done it but Mrs. Wiggins." The rug man on board told me the last day that the rug that I wanted of his was better than any of the others, so you see I have developed into a rug connoisseur. Then, of course, I know when the colors please me. I never wish to be wealthy so much in my life as when I see such things. I hope that I will not have to pay duty. We bought a few things on board, the same evening—beautiful work by students at the American College.

Wednesday afternoon, as I had promised beforehand, I went with about 70 of the chorus to the American College, where they had a program—a splendid one, too—and the chorus took part; they then treated us to refreshments and we took the 5 o'clock boat back to Constantinople reaching the Kurfurst just in time for supper. The college is for girls only, and they are fine-looking girls of almost every nationality. Every once in a while the Sultan issues an edict forbidding Moslem girls to attend. They disappear for a few weeks or months then return till he issues another edict, when they leave again for a short time. A number of

our party visited the boys' college in the morning but we took the bazaars instead, and it was a good thing for us that we did, for some of our party were used up climbing the high hill to the building; our roommate has been sick ever since.

We left Constantinople early the next morning instead of 12 o'clock and we were all out on deck as we steamed past the interesting sights up into the Black sea. At the narrowest part of the Bosphorus are the ruins of a beautiful old fort with towers and turrets. It was built by the first Sultan who defended the Bosphorus. There also was where Darius had his fleet, if I am not mistaken. Constantinople, too, looked beautiful in the hazy morning light and I tried to take a few snap shots of it, but it was a little dark I think.

In Constantinople we had our first rain, but it was very little.

The next morning we were called at 5:20 o'clock; had breakfast at 6, but did not land at Smyrna till about 8 o'clock. It was raining, and everybody looked discouraged, especially those holding Ephesus side trip tickets, as we had been warned the evening before by Mr. Warren that it would be a very hard trip; about five miles of walking after we reached there, and the program had been changed so that the Ephesus crowd would miss all of Smyrna except about one or two hours on their return, as we sailed the same night. Some sold their Ephesus tickets cheap; others stayed home and couldn't sell theirs, but Mrs. Park and I, with two or three hundred others, decided to "do or die" and how glad we were, for Smyrna proved to be very

uninteresting. But Ephesus; it is grand! and we did not take the long walk out to the temple either, but we walked about half a mile through the most interesting old ruins all about us, to the ruins of St. John's church where St. John preached for three years—the church mentioned in Revelation. There is really nothing of it remaining except the fallen walls with decorations and inscriptions on some of the pieces, but the great arched gate leading to it is very beautiful and interesting. A caravan of camels was in Ephesus that day and I got some of them to pose for me. I wandered off into a field where they were—set up my camera on a tripod (for it was a dark day) and took portraits of the camels. Mrs. Park said they actually looked like they were posing for me. Twice they thought that I got a little too close, and took after me. Of course I yelled, grabbed my camera and ran, greatly to the amusement of a group of Arabs, the owners of the animals; they laughed and laughed; they thought it was so funny, but it was no fun running, for the ground was covered completely with squares of marble and stone. A most interesting sight, too, were the storks' nests on top of nearly every column of the aqueduct, also on towers and grass-covered domes of the old mosques or monasteries. A few people live there in thatched-roofed huts—most miserable affairs. I wandered among them alone, when all of our crowd had started for the station, and got along all right till I took a picture of a hut, when a youngster picked up a big rock and threatened me. I motioned to him that the girl had given me permission. I threw him a

penny then retraced my steps because I was afraid to go on. It was well that I did for when I was almost at the top of the hill above the Huts nearly all the inhabitants began yelling at me and wanted money. I hurried on to the church of St. John and there the donkeys and I had it all to ourselves.

I do hope some of the time pictures will be good for I couldn't take snapshots.

Before I reached the station a very hard storm overtook me. I crouched down behind a stone wall and held my umbrella close over me so I did not get very wet, but some of our party, who were a mile or two out from the station, were simply soaked. Mrs. Park was safe and dry at the station. When I told her my experience with the natives she said I could never get rid of her again, for she saw that she must take care of me, but I told her that I could run and climb as fast as any of them. However, I shall not do it again as I was a little frightened, for they did not look pleasant at me.

I can never forget Ephesus and how much more interesting hereafter it will be to read Paul's epistle to the Ephesians. The theatre in which he stood, when there was such an uproar, was visited by most of the crowd, but we were so worn out that we did not dare attempt the walk. We saw the site of it in the distance, and then I could not have taken so many pictures if I had gone with the large crowd.

We reached Smyrna (52 miles from Ephesus) about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; went directly to the postoffice; lost track of our guide there, so we wandered down the street and found the Bazaars alone. We thought them



uninteresting so wandered back to the dock where we each bought a box of Smyrna figs (bought mine for less than 5 cents). I could not even find an interesting jug there, but at Ephesus I bought two little objects found in the ruins—small earthen lamp and jug.

Easter Sunday, April 3.—We will have dinner in a few minutes and I must try and leave this with the purser before then. This has been a full day—a beautiful Easter Sunday. Breakfast, prayers, church (Dr. Lawrence of our table preached), lunch, Sunday school (attendance 557) and now it is almost our dinner time 5:30. Tonight we have services on deck. It is quite warm again; at Constantinople it was so cold. We are traveling very slowly to save coal and although we left Smyrna almost a day ahead of time we will not reach Beyrout till in the morning.

Everyone is busy now planning for the side trips. We are now both on No. 6 and leave Wednesday morning by carriage—a three or four days trip; it is really the overflow of No. 5 and goes a day later. We have been sailing close to the island of Cyprus nearly all day.

We had a good talk on Baalbec, Damascus and Beyrout last night. I only heard part of it as I was writing this letter. I may not write again for a week as we will be so constantly on the go.



# BEYROUT

## LETTER NO. 10.

HAIFA, SYRIA, APRIL 5, TUESDAY, 1:15 P. M.



WHILE WE are waiting for the carriages I will write a letter, for I will have no other opportunity of doing so till next Saturday, and probably not then, for we will be getting ready for Jerusalem. This is a beautiful little city, of about 22,333 population they say. It is right on the border of the sea and about 18 of us are at a fine new hotel overlooking the sea and in plain view of Mt. Carmel; we start for there in a few minutes. We are so fortunate to be in party No. 6, as No. 5 was so crowded, and we have the best conductor of all, they say. I may as well mention his name now—Mr. Hornstein. We have just had a nice dinner; how I wish that mamma could eat some of the fine oranges they grow here; they are so sweet and nothing but juice. The people of this country use them so much for dessert; they call them “dessert” on the bill of fare.

I want to tell you about Beyrout; what a lovely time we had there. We went ashore in small boats (or rather they were very large row boats) early in the morning. The sea looked very calm, but there were such swells that when we were in the row boat one of the



swells would completely hide the other boats, just the heads of the people in them being visible. It was lovely and did not make us one bit sea sick. I think we were about 15 minutes reaching shore. As soon as we landed, our tezkeras (Turkish passports) were demanded of us and then we all scrambled for a carriage. We were driven to the American college, went through the grounds and some of the buildings—which are all very fine and made of stone—then into the large chapel or church seating 700 people, where a meeting was held and splendid speeches were made, by the founder, Daniel Bliss, (an old man over 80 years of age), by his son, the president, and then followed speeches by Dr. Jessup (as Mr. Warren says, the “Grand Old Man of the East”), his brother Samuel Jessup, teacher at the college, Dr. Potts of Canada, Mr. Warren, McCrellis, Harts-horn, etc. It was such an enthusiastic meeting. There are over 700 boys of all nationalities in the college and they are doing a great work, for, of course, all the teachers are Christian men. After the meeting Mrs. Park introduced herself to Mr. Day, a professor in the college and the organist; he is a friend and teacher of Mr. McElfresh. He married a daughter of Dr. Jessup, and the president said in his speech that he had a young son, Henry Jessup Day (named for the doctor), almost a year old. Mr. Day insisted upon our going home with him, saying that his wife had told him to bring some people home to dinner. Of course, we were delighted at the prospect, for otherwise we would have had a cold lunch in the college grounds, and besides, we were just waiting for a chance to enter a typical home. The house is only a short distance from



the college grounds, so we walked, and soon came to a high closed gate in one of the stone walls, higher than a person's head. Mr. Day took out his keys and unlocked the door or gate, and what a beautiful sight greeted our eyes! Green trees, flowers, and a fountain, orange and lemon trees with fruit and blossoms both together, the most beautiful Murachal Niel and other roses, geraniums and many odd flowers that we did not know, also a Loquat tree with ripe fruit. We walked up a short flight of stone steps, a bower of roses overhead, and entered a very large high hall and living room. The end we entered is all glass, set in designs, clear up to the very high ceiling, giving the room the appearance of being out of doors. The white marble floor was covered with Turkish rugs. From the sides of this great room open the parlor, bed-room, and dining-room. You can imagine our surprise when we found there before us (also invited to dinner) Dr. Jessup, his wife, daughter, and brother, Mrs. Barnes, (at the head of the Primary Sunday school work for the world), a lady missionary from Persia, another one from Africa, and Mr. Harts-horn, wife and daughter. We had to wait about half an hour for dinner so we made friends with the baby and his pretty little native nurse and then went into the garden and wandered about picking the flowers and enjoying the sunshine. We had a very nice dinner and such a pleasant time. Mrs. Harts-horn, although an invalid, seems to enjoy everything. She can only say the words yes and no, but the variety of expression she can put into them! I think her trouble is paralysis. We had to leave soon after dinner to do our shopping; postals, and some sort of a

souvenir from each place, we always try to purchase, so Mr. Day went with us and we took a carriage to a reliable bazaar. Mrs. Park and I each bought a brass tray and a "puggerie" such as the natives wear to keep the sun off the head and shoulders—a sort of handkerchief with numerous silk tassels. We also sent postals from here. Beyrout is such a beautiful little city, situated as it is on the low hills and running right down to the sea, and then on one side the snow-capped range of the Lebanon mountains—it looked so beautiful as we rowed to our ship in the twilight.

The next morning (today) we were at Haifa and were called at 5:15. No. 4 (the overland horseback to Jerusalem) landed first, then No. 5 (the carriage Galilee trip) and then our party, No. 6, the same as No. 5. We sat on our baggage when we reached shore (about a mile from our boat) and watched the others start, then we were taken to our hotels and were very glad of the rest.

Saturday, April 9th.—I will take up the tale where I left off, for if I do not am afraid I will never get back to it again, for we have had such an interesting trip into Galilee. Tuesday morning we rested, then right after dinner the carriages came and took us up to Mt. Carmel, overlooking the sea, where Elijah prayed for rain. There is a monastery built there over a cave where Elijah is said to have dwelt. In the same range of mountains farther back is where Elijah met the prophets of Baal. A monastery is built there also. It is the highest point in the range and slopes gradually to the valleys below. It was in plain view almost all the way to the Sea of Galilee. In our hack, there were three young ladies, a minister, and

myself, and coming back one lady preferred to walk, so one of our young guides, a graduate of the Jerusalem school, took her place. The driver, to our great surprise, offered to take us for a free drive to the postoffice and then to the beach, so we thankfully accepted. The view of Haifa and the land lying between it and Mt. Carmel, about two miles down the coast, was most beautiful. The broad Mediterranean, the palm trees in the distance, the stone houses gleaming in the sun, the fields, some just plowed, some green, and others yellow being harvested by hand—and then all the way up the mountain, the wild red poppies and several varieties of pink and yellow flowers. We uttered exclamation after exclamation at its beauty.

It seems to me that I have used up all my adjectives and have nothing left wherewith to describe the Galilee trip, the finest of all. How can people take such a trip and then advise us never to take it for fear of being disillusioned? To me it has been one of the greatest blessings of my life, to visit the land of the Savior, to sleep in the beautiful little city of Nazareth where He was raised, to waken and look upon the same hills that His eyes looked upon—for those mountains surrounding the city never change—and then to go to the Sea of Galilee and ride upon the waters that He calmed so long ago, so beautiful—with the same mountains surrounding it, some snow-capped and rugged, others rising gradually from the sea and carpeted with beautiful flowers. Hereafter everything that I read or hear upon the subject will be like a new revelation. As we rode along I tried to write down a word now and then to help my memory, so I had bet-

ter just take those notes and tell you about it as it happened. We were called at 5 o'clock again and were on our way before 6. In my search for a carriage or hack with a comfortable back, on my account, and for one with a low step on Mrs. Park's account, we lost our chance of riding together, so Mrs. Park went with three strangers, one couple a man and wife; and I rode with three gentlemen, Canadians, all strangers to me. We soon became acquainted however and I was in good hands. Mr. Hornstein tried to make a change at the first stop and put me in a carriage with a better back, but it was impossible to do so and we rode as we started all the way to Galilee and back. But to begin with my notes; we were held up by a soldier with a gun at the gate of Haifa. Excitement reigned and speculation was rife, for our conductor was in the rear and no one but the drivers could understand the language of the soldier. However, as the thermometer of language heat dropped lower and lower we felt easier and at the end of half an hour, moved on, a cavalcade of 23 carriages accompanied by the fierce soldier on horseback. It seems that he was to be our body guard and he would not start till he had rounded us all up. Our carriage was fourth in line and Mrs. Park's third, and we kept about this position through the whole trip, as the drivers are all very jealous of their place in the line. The morning was beautiful, the air very cold, but we were prepared and were warmly dressed. While we were rounding up at Haifa we happened to be in a kind of an open space or square, where the market is held each morning, and at that early hour the donkeys were arriving laden with potatoes, onions, greens, artichokes, green peas,



eggs, etc. Each load was laid in a little pile by itself right on the dirty ground and when all had arrived—in about half an hour—the auction began. Everything is auctioned off and this was in progress when we left, the auctioneer being the largest, fleshiest man present. Children, donkeys and vegetables were pretty well mixed, and the cry of “Back-shéesh” (I don’t know how to spell it in our language) rang above the thundering tones of the auctioneer. The cry means “money,” “a present,” and is always accompanied by the outstretched hand. Young and old alike cry it and when a swarm of them close in about you, all crying the same thing, it’s hard to refrain from giving them a good thrashing with your umbrella. When we got out into the country we began to pass long lines of camels, all laden, tied together single file, and flocks of sheep or black goats following their shepherds. As we neared a well, numbers of women would pass us balancing the large earthen water bottles upon their heads. They carry the bottles for miles in this way without lifting their hands; and dressed as they always are in their native costume they are very picturesque. The bottles are about a foot or more in diameter and about two feet high, with a small mouth, so you can see that they are very heavy. Before lifting one to her head she makes a hollow coil of a large handkerchief—usually a filthy rag—puts this on top of her head and then the bottle on it. They carry everything in this way. We saw them going to work on the roads each carrying a large basket on her head and in it from one to three heavy iron pick axes with handles nearly three feet long. In contrast to this we saw them going to market, each

carrying on her head one tiny bread cake only a half inch thick, and the greatest feat of all—to a modern mother—was the sight of a woman with a very large basket of eggs on her head and a good-sized baby in one arm resting on her hip, and even then she did not have her “hands full.” Beautiful flowers lined all our way and I might say here that I had more than my share of them, with four men to pick them for me, for our driver was not going to be outdone and every little while he would present “Madame” with a bouquet. I wore them in my hat, on my coat, and decorated the hack with them. We had not gone far till we saw one of those old primitive plows made of a crooked stick and pulled by two oxen. I was not going to miss my chance, so I grabbed my camera, sprang out of the hack while it was going, ran to the field, took a snap shot and was returning on the run, when the man at the plow took after me for “Back-sheesh.” Well, I have never heard the last of it, for, of course, the whole cavalcade witnessed it and several of them said that they would give a good deal for a picture of me with my coat flying out behind and the man after me. I returned to the hack, jumped in while it was going, as I did not want to stop the whole line, and was greeted by one of my friends thus: “Well you’re a brick, you’re worth a whole dozen of them.” I thought I might as well confess now as you might hear it from somebody else. At the end of our journey he uttered the same exclamation with the word “thousand” in the place of “dozen” but that was after I had passed through a whole morning of sickness in the bottom of the hack, and he, Mr. Johnson, had been my doctor. I shall never for-

get his kindness to me. We went out of our way a few rods to water our horses at the first well we passed; there were a number of girls there getting water and I tried to get a picture of them. It looked just like an ordinary well, except that there was a stone wall built around it and stone steps up the front; the water was near the surface so did not have to be drawn. The next well we passed was below us and reminded me of the story of Jacob, for there were the maidens and the flocks and herds—such fine cattle all through the country; they look like the Kansas cattle. Yesterday morning on our way home we saw a half dozen herds, some with over a hundred in them, in one locality, being driven to water. The people are all in villages and I think it is on account of the water. It is so scarce. We passed a very old town—not much left of it—a place mentioned in the Old Testament, Asharosheth (Judges 4). We stopped for half an hour in a beautiful spot about 10 o'clock in the morning to eat our oranges and crackers. We had flowers for a carpet and fig and olive and other trees for shade. As we went along we passed a few large orchards of mulberry trees with vegetable gardens between and the women were doing all the watering by hand. We descended into a valley and then climbed a very high mountain where we all stopped and the guide pointed out the interesting sights to us. I can never describe the view from this point, the beauty of the cultivated valleys and the barren mountains. That beautiful view away over in Polk county (Oregon) from the top of the hill, comes the nearest to it of anything I have ever seen, but, of course, it has not the historic interest

added. At our feet lay the plain of Jezreel; the city, at the foot of the hills across from us, where Ahab and Jezebel dwelt; the brook Kishon still running near it, where the prophets were slain; above it Mt. Carmel where Elijah offered the sacrifice; at the right of us Mt. Tabor; away off in the distance the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, so close together that the people shouted back and forth to one another, and, had it been clear we could have seen the snow-capped Mt. Hermon above the sea of Galilee. Isn't that a wonderful panorama? Oh, yes, and I left out Mt. Gilboa—right in front of us. Saul and Jonathan were slain there. We had music in our hack as we went along, usually suggested by the scenes around us. Many of the old towns that we passed looked as ancient as the stone of which they were made. As the houses all have flat roofs, whole towns are covered with grass, for it is regular sod on top of the stone roof, just like the hills, but not a blade of it grows under foot in the villages, and signs of life appear only as we draw near, and then the road is lined with the natives calling for "Back-sheesh." Tell Mildred that the children have swings here, too. As we drove along I looked ahead and saw nearly two dozen children gathered about a swing near the road. I wanted to get their picture, so I jumped out of the hack and ran along with the hack in front of us, so that they would not see me, then stepped to the side of the road and took a snap shot of them; but I'm afraid the swing itself did not show so I'll tell you about it. It was a double rope stretched between two trees about as far apart as we would swing a hammock, the ropes came together in the center, then spread apart,



making a suspended swing a foot or two wide, where two children sat; they were having great fun. The children all seemed to be happy.

As we reached the top of a high hill, suddenly Nazareth burst into view and how beautiful it looked. As we descended into the city where our Lord was "brought up" we were busy with our own thoughts and it was a silent but happy party that alighted at the different hotels and convents. We were tired and hungry too, so did not wait for the second call when luncheon was announced soon after our arrival. In the afternoon we walked about the town, visiting the churches and other sights, including the supposed place where the maddened populace tried to throw Christ down the side of the mountain, but the most interesting of all was Mary's well which furnishes water to almost the entire population of about 15,000, as there is only one other well in the city. From sunrise to sunset, there are a dozen or more young girls from 12 to 15 years of age at the fountain or well, getting water, and I am sorry to relate that they are usually quarreling over their turn, for only about two can get water at the same time. They are all dressed in the costume of the country and that is usually various colored rags, but now and then a bride dressed in silk and velvet will come to the well and mingle with the rags. We saw one poor girl break down and cry because the girls would not let her have her turn. Isn't it strange to think that this well has been there and sustained the life of that city for centuries upon centuries and Mary must have carried water from this well day after day. We who have an abundant supply of water cannot imagine what a

serious question it is to every home-builder in this country, for if he keeps flocks and herds he must be near a well. When the women wash, they take the clothes to the well and beat them with a club on the rocks; we saw them doing that at Cana. Soon after the sun set over the hills at Nazareth, we went to bed, for we had to prepare again for an early start the next morning. We had another lovely dawn and we rode over the beautiful mountains and plains until about 11 o'clock, when we halted on the top of one of the high mountains overlooking the sea of Galilee. On the west side and right at our feet, at the water's edge, lay Tiberias. We all climbed out and gathered about our guide while he pointed out to us the interesting sights. Close to our left was the mount of Beatitudes, a little further on all that is left of the city of Bethsaida, still further on also at the water's edge the site of Capernaum, marked by a monastery, then just by the side of it the Jordan emptying into the sea. Back of it was the beautiful snow-capped Mt. Hermon, the supposed mount of transfiguration. Across the lake from us, here about seven miles wide, is the country of the Gadarenes (Mark 5, 1-20). It is very noticeable as it seems to slope right into the sea. On the mountain on which we were standing grew only grass, flowers and low thorn bushes, the latter having both dry thorns and green leaves. We hurried on down to Tiberias, where we met crowd No. 5 preparing to return to Nazareth. As soon as they were off we had luncheon, then, leaving Mrs. Park taking a nap, I took my camera and went out at the side of the hotel to take a picture of an old arch in ruins. The sun was not out just then, so I

engaged in conversation with some native boys. Of course, it was all sign language at first, then I began to teach them the name of colors in English. This pleased them so much, and also the by-standers, that I soon had six or eight Arab men in my audience, and when I spied a cat and meowed like one, their delight knew no bounds and one old Arab insisted upon showing me through the old mosque near by. I refused and went back to the hotel, but, before this, three Turkish women, closely veiled, came up to me, and one of them caressed my cheeks with her hand and smoothed the back of my hair, (the wrong way), all of which I endured with a smile. She invited me by signs to her house but I was forced to refuse. When I reached the front door of the hotel it was locked, so I pounded and waited but no one came; finally one of the cooks came in from the kitchen, which was in the back yard, and I called to him and he let me in. I found Mrs. Park asleep, and such a silence reigned in the hotel that I became alarmed with the thought that they had all gone in the boats on the sea of Galilee. I soon found out by signs from one of the servants that such was the case, and calling Mrs. Park, I told the servant to escort her, and I ran with cloaks and wraps on my arm, in the direction of the sea, down some dirty narrow streets where I had never been, asking one woman on the way if I was going in the right direction. Well, I came suddenly upon the shore just as Mr. Hornstein was pushing out from shore in the last boat. I "yelled," you may believe, and he waited till Mrs. Park arrived, puffing and steaming, for it was a warm day. After all it turned out the very best for us, for we were alone with two

guides and the oarsmen, and our boat landed right at the site of Capernaum, while nearly all the others landed about a mile away, because it was so rough, and, of course, the people had to walk. We landed easily, too, while they had to be carried to shore by the oarsmen, who shed most of their clothes before the undertaking. I shall never forget that sail on the sea of Galilee, and it was just stormy enough before we returned to be exciting. We were a little wet from the waves, but one of our guides was drenched and took cold riding so long in his wet clothes. There is nothing left at Capernaum but a few pieces of the temple, and at Bethsaida we did not even land. Both places are marked by a monastery. We were about five hours on the water, sailing very fast, so you can imagine the great distance although it seems so near. It was nearly dark when we reached Tiberias and we needed every wrap we took along. The boatmen raced with one another nearly all the way, and when we beat several boats our oarsmen would say to us "Good! Madam?" and we would answer "Good." We had to give "Back-sheesh" when we landed, and one boat would not land passengers till they had taken up what they considered a sufficient collection. The further inland we got, the worse the table fare, and I was so turned against the food that I ate something that did not agree with me. I did it out of pity for the waiters, too, for I saw that the people were not taking any of the dish. The result was that I got up the next morning, sick. Well, I held my head up for about two miles out of Tiberias, then I sat down on some blankets in the bottom of the hack and laid my



head on a pillow which Mr. Hornstein very kindly got for me at Nazareth, on our way the first day. My friend, Mr. Johnson, offered me some medicine that he had cured a man with the day before in our party, but I refused, thinking the pain would leave me; but it grew so bad that I begged for a good strong dose and then later on a second one, so by the time I reached Nazareth at noon, I could sit up. Fortunately we remained till the next morning, so I lay down on the bed and stayed there, and at 4 o'clock the next morning when we were called, I had entirely recovered, except that I was a little weak. I can never forget the kindness of my three friends and the driver also, for the latter refrained from smoking cigarettes on my account and gave me some native medicine which I pretended to take but threw away; it looked and smelled like sage. We reached the boat about 10:30 that morning—which was the day before yesterday, Saturday,—and when I went up to luncheon there stood Mrs. Park with two letters and a postal for me. If they had dropped from the sky I could not have been more surprised for no one was getting mail there. The letter sent to Constantinople I did not receive; these were two, sent to Beyrout. It was such a comfort to hear from home, the first for a month.

Sunday morning we were saddened by the news of the death of one of our passengers, a Mrs. Brown of Marshalltown, Iowa. She had heart trouble and was very sick on the No. 5 Galilee trip, and was really dying when she reached the boat Saturday morning. Her husband was with her, and one adopted grown son is at home. Her body is in a metallic casket on board and will probably be shipped to America. She

was such a pleasant lady, and often paused at our table to say "Good morning." One lady on board called her the "Good morning lady" because she was always so pleasant. I think Mr. Brown will go on to Jerusalem with the cruise.

Well, I am actually caught up with today, Monday. It hasn't been a pleasant day at all, in one sense, for there has been a rough sea on, ever since we left Haifa early this morning, and it is all Mrs. Park and I can do to keep our heads level, our feet steady and our stomachs under control, and there are many in the same condition. We have our baggage packed ready for Jerusalem and we have been anchored here at Joppa for about six hours. This is the most difficult landing of all, and the condition of things you will understand from the following conversation which took place between Mr. Warren and the captain:

"Captain, are we going to land pretty soon?"

"I don't care to go ashore, do you?"

"But captain, do you think it advisable to land?"

"Do you see any boats coming, Mr. Warren?"

We may stay here for days for all we know. It is pleasant weather but there is a strong wind and the spray is dashing very high at the landing.

Parties No. 7 and 8 went ashore yesterday at Haifa to start on the Galilee trip today. It is dangerous to drink any water on that trip unless it is boiled and several of our party were sick from doing it. We ate oranges instead, and drank lemonade. A number on the overland horseback trip, like the one we were first booked for, gave out and had to return in carriages. We are so thank-

ful to think that we did not try it, and how we pitied the poor things when we met them on the way, some of them miles apart. Our party was the best organized of all; we were the only ones that kept together. Mr. Hornstein, to whom the credit is due, goes to Jerusalem with us, and on side-trips from there.

I forgot to say that we had a splendid sermon yesterday by a missionary from Beyrout. We had a very good Sunday school, too, considering the number on board, and how tired they were.

There are no signs of landing yet, so I will close this and write to London. Am so thankful for a little time that I don't mind the delay.





# JERUSALEM

## LETTER NO. 11.

JERUSALEM, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1904.



IT IS ALREADY late, so I can only start a letter tonight. There is so much to tell and so little time in which to tell it, for it is almost impossible to find time to write.

We are here at the Notre Dame and consider ourselves fortunate to have a room on the ground floor. Tourists are everywhere, especially outside the walls and going on trips. This place (a monastery) and the Hotel du Parc, where most of us are stowed away, are outside the old walls. I was counting the people in our dining room tonight; there were about 350 seated, and then there is a smaller dining room, seating, I imagine, about 200. Tonight at the close of dinner the electric lights were suddenly turned off and a large cross of 275 electric lights burned at one end of the room. We sang "In the Cross of Christ I Glory," led by Mr. Jacobs, then "Nearer My God to Thee" and the large halls fairly rang with the sweet music. The cross was made for the Spanish pilgrims who were here last week; there were thousands of Russian pilgrims here, too; we passed train-

loads of them going to Joppa. Poor, is no name for them; they were in rags, but their devotion puts us to shame.

Friday noon, April 15th.—I have just returned from my donkey ride around the walls of Jerusalem, but I have not yet told you about landing at Joppa, so I will begin there. As you know, we could not land Monday—it was too rough—so, in obedience to a signal from shore, we were called the next morning before daybreak. Had breakfast at 4:30 and then went up on deck to wait for the boats. It was nearly an hour before they came and as we saw them coming our hearts sank within us, for they fairly stood up on end; and poor Mrs. Park, she didn't look at all happy. I saw that the sea was getting rougher every moment, so made up my mind if possible to be in the first boat. They loaded about 50 pieces of baggage into it (saw mine safely thrown in, but somebody's suit case floated in the briny deep several moments before it was rescued) then they called for passengers. I made my way to the front, pulling Mrs. Park after me; had hold of her arm and wouldn't let go. Well it was too funny getting into that boat! Two men lifted each person and it was a queer sensation, being borne through the air feeling with your feet for something to stand on and finding nothing. I was landed safely, however, in the middle of the boat and while I was busy gathering myself together, a shout rent the air, and looking up I saw Mrs. Park going through space; she was more than they calculated on, but she lit safely just in front of me. I was sorry I missed part of the show, for it seemed to stir the crowd to the depths. Getting out it was even worse, and she was a sight when she landed, with her hat

on one ear and her veil down around her neck, her arms hanging limp at her side, almost pulled out of their sockets. I have just had another laugh at the recollection, till the tears fairly rolled down my cheeks; it was so funny. She is thinking of starting from here Tuesday to avoid the crowd and to get landed safely on the boat, as it is so much harder when they hurry you so. That landing was an experience that I shall never forget. We were in the largest row-boat I ever saw, but even then we pitched and rolled dreadfully. We met hundreds of Russian Pilgrims in small boats, praying for their lives on the way out, and we heard that one boat load was swamped in the breakers and one or two persons drowned. Our ship's doctor said the sea was very rough that morning and I think they would not have landed us if the boat had not had to go back to Haifa for the other crowd.

We walked a few blocks through Joppa then took carriages to the station. We were fortunate enough to get seats in the first train to Jerusalem, the special starting about an hour later. Joppa is celebrated for its oranges, and the sweet scent from the groves was very noticeable on the Kurfurst, anchored about two miles from shore. We passed many points of interest on the way and all got out and ran down to the brook for stones, when we passed the mountain where David killed Goliath. We also saw Samson's cave in the very top of a mountain. The scenery all through the mountains is much like the Denver & Rio Grande. However, near Jerusalem all the available flat land is cultivated, each tiny piece bounded on all sides by a stone wall and these are evenly terraced clear back to the mountains. Suddenly

the walls of Jerusalem burst into view and the first building we recognized was the mosque of Omar, the site of Solomon's temple. Jerusalem certainly is not at all as I imagined it—so much larger in every way, and the mountains around the city are higher and the view from almost any point is a grand one; but inside the walls, so far as we have seen it, it is a compact mass of filthy humanity, impossible for a lady to walk the streets alone. In the Jewish quarter there is no vacant space whatever in the street, we did not go there but just looked. We arrived at our hotel at 1 o'clock and heard that a party would start for Jericho and Jordan at 2:30, and tired as we were, we decided to take it that day if we could get hold of our baggage; so after luncheon we hurried down to Clark's office for mail and I was so happy to hear from home. Mrs. Park also received letters, but we could not read them then, for we had to look up our baggage. As we left the office they were unloading it right there, so we picked out ours, paid a man to carry it to our room, and almost before we knew it, we were in a carriage on our way to Jericho. We saw nothing as we left Jerusalem, for we were buried in our letters—but when we did lift our eyes, we were in the wilderness, and a wilderness of high mountains it was; it's no wonder that that poor man fell among thieves on his way to Jericho. The roads are very fine, but the drivers are reckless. We were fortunate in having a careful one, however; he had three horses and would only take three passengers—a Mr. Pomeroy of Vermont and ourselves. The gentleman proved a very good traveling companion. He had a brother who worked in the Reform School at home, and who died there a



number of years ago. Our trip into Jericho was very pleasant, but you can imagine we were very tired getting up so early that morning. We stopped at a queer little hotel called the Gilgal. The room was very good, such as we would find in a mountain hotel at home, but the food—well the further inland we go the worse it gets, and it's dangerous to drink the water. When we were coming down into Jericho from the last high barren mountain, after a four hours' ride, the green of the valley looked so refreshing; but I never experienced anything so deceiving, for, green as it was, the trees were thorn bushes, and only those through the whole valley, except a few banana and other trees right in the little town. At the supper table that night they announced that for our good and for the good of the crowd to come from Jerusalem the next day, we would be called at 4 o'clock the next morning. We are still looking for the "good" it did, for we got back to that hotel from our Dead Sea and Jordan trip the next morning before 9 o'clock, and did not start for Jerusalem till 1 o'clock, and the Jerusalem crowd did not arrive till 12 o'clock. Well, it was not yet light when we started for the Dead Sea that morning and those of us with cameras were worrying for fear that there would not be enough light for a picture, for the sea looked only half a mile away; but we drove on and on and the sun rose over the beautiful mountains the other side of the Jordan before we were within a mile or two of the sea. It is rightly named; it is dead, dead, dead, and everything near it looks dead; a few had the ambition to take a bath at that early hour, and as bathing suits were not furnished we had to turn

our backs and look unconcerned. In my search for something to take with the sea, to make a picture of it interesting, a little way up the beach I spied a kind of screen of dried palm trees, and made for it with my camera. As I drew quite near I saw signs which made me hesitate and I suddenly called out: "Oh, is that a bath house? I was going over to the other side to take a picture of it;" then as I saw more "bare" signs, a voice from behind the screen called out: "Oh no, don't take it just now, please."

Our driver hurried us on to the Jordan, and it is a beautiful spot there; such fine foliated trees all along its banks and the water is so clear. I had Mr. Pomeroy take our pictures there. Curios are for sale at every place the tourists visit, and I bought a little string of beads there, made from a kind of seed that grows on the trees of the Jordan. On our way back to Jerusalem we passed the spot where it is supposed the Children of Israel set up the twelve stones; it is the site of Gilgal, and we also visited old Jericho, the latter very near the new site. We got back to the hotel about 9 o'clock and had no place to go, for they said the rooms were made up for the next crowd. Well, we were just about worn out, getting up so early, so I found a key in another door that would fit our room—and the room had not been cleaned yet, so I got Mrs. Park and we just rested there till noon, and no one was any the wiser or worse off. We started at 1 o'clock in the terrible heat—for at 12 it began to get very warm, the first and last hot day we have had. Just about a mile out of Jericho we came to a long, high, rocky hill, and the drivers all stopped for the men to walk up this hill. Before we

reached it Mrs. Park said that she was going to walk up because she was so heavy to pull, but I knew that it would almost kill her if she did, in that awful heat, and I made up my mind that she shouldn't. So when our driver told her to get out at the foot of the hill my "dander" was up, for I had not seen a single lady walking. I knew that it would kill me, and just because there was a little more of her, I didn't see why she should sacrifice herself for a horse, and we had three of them, while the majority of carriages with four passengers only had two. While we stood there at the foot of the hill we almost came to blows. I had to fight Mrs. Park, the driver, and the guide, whom the latter had called to his aid. I held the door shut with all my might, while Mrs. Park tried with all her strength to open it, and there we were; finally the driver picked up the lines, mumbled something and went ahead. Mrs. Park said, since, that I just talked awfully cross to her, but she needs someone to watch out for her, and I tell her that she hasn't enough "cheek" to travel on and that I just have to acquire enough for both. Whenever she wants to do things beyond her strength I just say "Remember Gibraltar;" we climbed a hill there and did not get over it for a week, and the one at Jericho was three times as bad and ten times as hot. We reached Jerusalem that evening, Wednesday, in time for a late supper, but oh what a long hot drive it was; however, we were very glad that we took it first, before the rush. (This is Sunday evening, the 17th, and a lady sat by me tonight at supper who just returned from the Jericho trip today noon, and she said that one carriage went over a bank with four peo-

ple, but no one seriously hurt; on another carriage one wheel broke all to pieces, and on their carriage there were three breaks about the harness, one almost resulting seriously. You see those carriages have been going steadily now for over two weeks and they are almost worn out and the poor horses too).

The next morning—Thursday—we started out for the mosque of Omar, walking; we stopped to buy something from a man; he could not make change, and he wouldn't take the articles back, so we were delayed only one minute but our guide had disappeared. We did not want to go back, and they said that it was a two minutes' walk, so we kept on alone for a block or two, enquiring by signs if we were going in the right direction; the streets were getting narrow and dirtier, and I began to have misgivings, when we met a man who looked like an Englishman; he was a native who spoke a little English. and the first question he asked was: "How did you ladies come to be alone on these streets?" and then we explained. He said that he would take us to the mosque, but that no power could get us into it unless our guide happened to be at the entrance. We wanted to go on, so he reluctantly took us, but as we were so sure our party would be there, we trudged along after him through the dirty narrow streets—getting worse at every turn—for full 15 minutes, then suddenly came to the gate of the mosque. The guard stopped us, of course, and he told our escort that there was not a single tourist or guide inside. I told him that we would just wait there for we knew that they would come, but our escort looked horrified and exclaimed: "You cannot, you cannot; this is not London or Paris; it is not safe."



While we were debating what to do, a crowd began to gather and we were getting alarmed when our young man sent a boy down the street on the run (I presume to hunt our guide or a policeman, or soldier rather) when we saw our party suddenly turn a corner, and we were safe. It was careless of our guide to lose us, because we really could not help the delay, and we were waiting for him when we started to make our purchase; he passed us and saw us, and I had already warned him not to walk so fast on Mrs. Park's account.

That afternoon we just had to rest and sleep, and then the next morning we started for our donkey ride; it was fine, when they went slowly, but when they went fast—well I just yelled, and my little donkey boy (about 12 years old) would look up at me with a wicked grin and say: "Good! Madam" and I would answer emphatically: "No good, very bad" for I had one camera in my lap, another in my bag across the saddle, and my umbrella, so could not hold on very well. The first place we stopped was at Gordon's Calvary (very near our hotel, by the way); it really seems as if it must be the right one, for it is in the side of the hill called the Skull, but of course most of the people believe that the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is over the tomb, for at that time it was outside the walls. But the cemeteries are a sight; they cover hillside after hillside, ages old, stones all broken and all over the ground, and not a tree in sight. At our second stop that morning, the Tombs of the Kings, Mrs. Park begged to be taken back to the hotel, so she paid her man a quarter and he took her back, but not before I had taken some snap shots of her. One woman I saw tonight had her head all tied up;

her donkey had fallen with her. Another lady fell off twice but was unhurt. Oh, this is a wild life we are leading. When we arrived at the Tombs of the Kings, I first ran up the road to take a picture of some camels, then caught up with the party in time to light my candle and descend into the tombs, (sort of catacombs). I left them in there and came out, took a snap of the entrance, then went up above and sat down; soon a man came along and paid a woman to grind meal so that he could see the operation. I took a picture of her and the hand mill, and a little later snapped her cooking at the fire outside. If they see you taking a picture of them you can't get away without paying "Back-sheesh" and I can fool them nearly every time, for I cast my eyes high or to one side till they think I am taking it over their heads or to one side of them and they never know it. When one gentleman from our party came up from the Tombs he said: "Why you didn't see the tombs did you?" I answered that I did and he said: "Why the last I saw of you, you were chasing up the street after camels;" then he said: "See that woman, she's going to grind that wheat; why don't you pay her and get her picture?" I answered that I already had it and then he said: "Well you get more out of this trip than anybody I know of." It's hard work though, for if I want to get any pictures at all, I have to keep ahead of the crowd all the time, and I have a favorite guide who lets me do it—an old man named Solomon; he is as wise as his namesake too, for when he sees me snap right and left without attracting unnecessary attention, he plods along as if nothing had happened, with only a sly wink at me.

Another guide would perhaps tell the person in Arabic that he had been photographed, or turn and stop or attract attention in many other ways. Joseph and David are good guides too, but Solomon is better and wiser than them all; he is not past asking favors though—none of them are—and the other day when he met me on the street he said that he thought I ought to give him something, so I said: "All right, Solomon, I'll give you something" and gave him the coveted "Back-sheesh."

The afternoon of the donkey ride I went on foot with the party to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and to the Jews wailing place. Friday is the special day for the latter ceremony, and the narrow street was so crowded with tourists that I hardly think I have one good picture. The men and women both go there, and with their heads bent against the wall, read from the Old Testament of the former glory of their nation and weep and wail over their present condition.

There is so much to tell about the Mosque of Omar that you will have to wait for it till we get home; but in connection with it one of the most interesting things to me is the Gate Beautiful—the East gate. This gate is in the main city wall and opens directly into the Temple Area, but the opening is walled up with stones as tight as the wall itself; this was done by the Moslems, who have a tradition that a great king is coming to conquer them, and that he will enter in through that gate, so they walled it up to make it all the harder for him. Directly in front of this gate, east of it, is the Mount of Olives. Read in this connection Zachariah 14: 4, 5 and Ezekiel 44: 1, 2, and 3, also the 6th, 7th, and 8th verses of

the same chapter which I believe refer to the Moslems who now hold the place, for their mosque is on the site where the temple stood centuries ago.

Monday evening, April 18th.—I have been four days trying to write this letter, and I must finish it now and go right to bed, for we will be called at 5:30 in the morning as Mrs. Park leaves for Joppa on the first train. I do not leave till Wednesday morning, then I will go, also on the first train and have a few hours in Joppa. Saturday morning we went shopping but did not buy much, only a few little souvenirs. I bought \$9 worth of films for papa's camera—could not get one to fit mine, they were all taken; had to pay 90 cents each for all I bought, they sell regularly at \$1 here. In the afternoon we went to Bethlehem by carriage—the first disappointing trip, for we scarcely saw anything except the Church of the Nativity; they did not take us to the Pools of Solomon either, which should have been included in our ticket. The horses had been there twice that day, and everything is just crowded out at the last. It was a beautiful sight, looking out over the valley from the edge of the little town. The field where “the shepherds watched their flocks” was pointed out, also the field of Boaz, and on our way we passed the Field of Blood, or Potter's Field, and Rachel's Tomb. Sunday morning we attended the opening session of the convention and heard the Bishop of London preach, then at 4 o'clock in the afternoon a special communion service was held; it was conducted by Dr. Potts, and Dr. Monroe Gibson of London preached. It was a beautiful service throughout and blessed to all. We were so tired that we could not attend the evening session,



so I wrote the greater part of this letter and Mrs. Park spent the time writing, too.

Tuesday afternoon.—And still this letter is unfinished. Mrs. Park rose early this morning but did not get off on account of not being able to get a carriage in the rush of the "side trip" people. She went, however, at noon. I attended the convention this morning and took some pictures. The best session yet, of the convention, was yesterday morning. We learned so much about Jerusalem from native pastors and missionaries; they are doing such a wonderful work; it was very interesting this morning, too, concerning the Jews. I believe great good will result from this convention both in America and England. The tent is about a mile or more from here, (the hotel), and it is a hot dusty walk. I shall not attend tonight as I must rest for the trip tomorrow. As I came from the convention at noon today I bought a dagger and sheath, mounted in brass, that had seen much usage. Things are selling cheaper now as this is the last day, but the stores are almost cleaned out as it is. We had a nice meeting on the top of the Mount of Olives yesterday afternoon. The drive is a beautiful one. We saw the site of Mizpah and Jericho, also had a fine view of the Dead Sea.



# EGYPT

## LETTER NO. 12.

CAIRO, EGYPT, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1904.



WE ARE IN EGYPT, in old Cairo, the twin sister of gay Paris. If I had been transported here, blindfolded, I should have said that I was in Paris; it sounds like it, but to the eyes, the red fezés, turbaned heads, and long robes of the men, and the veiled women tell a different story. We reached Alexandria about 10 a. m. Thursday, and for some reason, perhaps on account of the plague, we did not have our drive there, but immediately boarded a train standing at the dock where we sat in the heat, from 1 till 3:15 before starting, then followed a very long hot dusty ride, lasting until 7 o'clock, when we reached Cairo. But it was an interesting journey nevertheless, and as we sped along in the really handsome cars, appropriately upholstered in leather and divided off into compartments, I took note of the following: In contrast to the Holy Land, Egypt is flat, with broad green fields of rice, lentils, and alfalfa. There are numerous locust and other fine-foliaged trees, but of course it is the palm trees that interest we Americans. These are seen everywhere, in groups of a dozen or more, very tall, with leaves only at the top; they are



the date palm. The cattle—and there are many of them—are the Buffalo cattle, such as they have in the Philippines; they are grey in color (just exactly like a grey-hound) and they have such long necks and pointed heads, with drooping horns and ears set low on the head; they are used for plowing and to turn the numerous water wheels all through the country. We passed thousands of these wheels; they are set over a kind of well I think. The ox is usually blindfolded and goes in a circle around this wheel. The water pours out of the top of the wheel as it turns around and is carried all over the fields, the water usually standing in the little ditches or furrows about two feet apart, but in many cases it covers the entire field.

After plowing a field with the same rude plows used in Palestine, a man goes over the entire plowed part and pounds up the large clods with a kind of an iron hammer; but labor is cheap and plows are high. All of the land is under cultivation and the crops are all gathered by hand—cut with a sickle. There are a few automobiles in town (and their “chu chu” makes me so homesick) but “nary” a plow.

Among the first things my eyes lit upon after leaving Alexandria, were boats apparently sailing over the land, and immediately in thought I was transported to dear old Holland. Canals have a fascination for me, just like old jugs. We crossed the Nile several times on well-built stone bridges. We soon began to pass the little towns, and what do you suppose they were built of? Mud, entirely of mud, with scarcely any windows and no chimneys; in shape, square, like the houses of Palestine, but right on the top was a funny



little ball of mud; there is usually one white building of mud in each village and I think it is the mosque. There is also a cemetery at the side of each little village, and the graves are all built up from the ground, also of mud. Now and then we passed a large city looking just like any other city except for the natives in their picturesque costumes and the numerous camels and donkeys seen everywhere, (and to think that when I left home I was worrying for fear these animals, especially the former, would become extinct before I reached their native heath)! Brick making seems to be one of the chief industries of the country. We passed a number of places where they were burning them.

It grew dark before we had finished our long ride of 133 miles, but it was cooler in the twilight, and the green country looked so beautiful. Arriving at Cairo, all was excitement, for the hundreds of pieces of baggage had to be claimed, and I stood on top of two suitcases beside the freight car door, and watched them throw every piece out—mine was almost the very last—suitcases and bags in all stages of dissolution, for you can imagine such a number could not be handled carefully. At Jerusalem two foolish persons had strapped their umbrellas to their suitcases. I wish you could have seen the result. Truly the last stage of those umbrellas was worse than the first and the poor gnarled, twisted things appealed to me—for it wasn't their fault and they did their best to stick on.

Sunday evening, April 25.—This morning Mrs. Park and I went to the service of Arabic at the American Mission; following this was a regular church

service. Mrs. Park stayed and I came home to the hotel to rest and to write this letter. It has been hotter here than any weather I ever experienced, except in Kansas, and I have had to keep pretty quiet, going sight seeing only in the morning.

When we arrived in Cairo Thursday evening, we were driven to the Grand Continental hotel, where all the delegates were told to go who had not been given rooms, and as we booked so late our names as usual were on that list. So we landed here with our baggage, sized up the place as being fit for royalty itself, pressed to the front (requiring some "cheek") and were among the first to inquire for rooms. We were none too soon, as most of the others, tired as they were, had to go elsewhere, and worse yet some had not claimed their baggage. There are some disadvantages in traveling with such a large crowd; it is like moving a whole town to go from one place to another. Mrs. Park and I have single rooms adjoining, and I am now sitting out on the little balcony onto which our rooms open; the porch or balcony is furnished with rugs, table and easy chairs, and looks out on the main street, which separates the park from the hotel. Perfect streams of carriages and a few autos pass from early morning until 2 or 3 o'clock at night. I saw two funeral processions and one wedding procession pass today. It seems gayier than ever today, because the Sabbath is used as a holiday by so many and the left open-air balcony of this hotel, on the ground floor, is today transformed into a fairy-land, by palms, draperies, flowers, rugs, and hundreds of lanterns and mirrors, all ready for the feast or banquet to be

given tonight by the French to the Italians, I believe, in honor of the French President's visit to Rome, they say. They wear their "glad clothes" here to dinner. I brought mine along but they were too warm, so I bought a thin waist with a silk net yoke and you can imagine how warm it is when I tell you that I sat out of doors all evening with only that thin net over my neck and shoulders. Friday morning, with many misgivings on account of the heat, we took a carriage for the Sphinx and Pyramids. What was our surprise to find that the entire drive was over a boulevard, thickly lined on both sides by large locust trees, making the road shady all the way, and so pleasant. We soon caught sight of the pyramids in the distance and it seemed perfectly natural that they should be there—three of them. When we reached the base of the largest, cheops, about 10:30, the sun was beating down on the hot sands so fiercely that I could not even walk over the hill to see the sphinx, only a short distance. There were plenty of donkeys and camels on hand, but the price had advanced to 50 cents, to the sphinx and return; however I soon bargained with a donkey boy to take me there and back for 25 cents, (the camel drivers wouldn't come down) so I put up my umbrella and took my snap-shots from the donkey's back, (the boy held his lordship's ears down so they wouldn't be in my pictures) then returned to the pyramid without getting off the donkey. I was afraid, too, that if I dismounted I would have to pay to get on again. Mrs. Park said she would not go to see the sphinx but afterwards changed her mind and walked, hiring a guide to

take her. There were only a few who climbed to the top of the pyramids; some of them said that it was terrible, while others told another story. Each person has to have two men to pull him up and each step is so very high that it becomes a great strain. The pyramid looks about as I thought it would, but the sphinx is much smaller than I imagined it. There is an entrance to the tomb in the center of the pyramid near the ground; very few attempted that I believe. They said that it was just as hard to go down the slippery dark way as it was to climb the outside, then there was nothing to see when one reached it. After a little, when the prices of camel rides had dropped, I bargained with a man to ride a few steps on his camel and to have somebody take my picture, all for 5 cents. The first man I called to take my picture, (with my camera) aimed it at all points of the compass, and had me wildly waving my arms for 10 minutes, while the camel driver was calling for double pay for taking his time, when the would-be camera man announced that he "couldn't see a thing" and handed it over to his companion. No. 2 had never taken any pictures but No. 1 had; however, I begged No. 2, from my height in the broiling sun, to please aim it at me and snap it. He finally did, then brought it to me to turn up another film but I couldn't do it, for No. 1 in his desperation had clinched it so tight that it would not work. Well, I fixed it with my hat pin, then utterly ignoring No. 1 and No. 2 I called to a man who was passing with a large camera and tripod. Well, he capped the climax, for, although I showed him where to press the button, he backed off



with the lens pointed directly up to the sky and tried to find me in the round lens of the finder, and I could not get him to turn it over, so I begged him—on my knees almost—to please bring me the camera, but even when he had turned it right side up, he “couldn’t see a thing,” so I told him to simply aim it and snap it, and he did; but it was almost the end of me, I was worn out.

Monday evening, April 26th.—I am anxious to finish up Cairo so will attempt it now as I have a few minutes before I dress for dinner which is at the fashionable hour of 8 o’clock. Saturday morning, right after breakfast, two young lady missionaries here, or rather one missionary and one teacher, lovely girls and sisters, friends of Mrs. Park, took us in a carriage to the bazaars. It was an interesting morning and we all bought a few things, and then we went home to dinner with them. They are living with Dr. and Mrs. Watson, the missionaries. We had a very nice dinner, and then we were all invited to take a nap, which for three-fourths of an hour we endeavored to do, but we had brought home some boarders with us (very small animals, not unknown in our country) and we were busy entertaining them. At the close of the nap time the dinner bell rang again and we ate delicious ginger bread, tea, and bread and butter. Then we took some pictures on the balcony, and when it grew a little cooler took a carriage ride to get cooled off. Everybody was out in carriages; a great number of them sitting in their carriages along the banks of the Nile and not driving. In contrast to Paris, two horses are nearly always driven, and they are good horses, too; the carriages also are

handsomer. I have told you how we spent Sunday, and the mission work here I will have to tell you about when I get home, or rather Mrs. Park will, for she went house-to-house visiting this morning with one of the missionaries. I visited the museum this morning; just happened to get with a pleasant party. Dr. Murch (Mrs. Parks' friend) of Luxor, Egypt, was their guide and as we had none, our party went along. He took us only to the most interesting things, and here in the land of mummies you can imagine how interesting they were. We saw Rameses II., his father, and the Pharaoh whose army was drowned in the Dead Sea. The latter was still enwrapped.

After luncheon, two gentlemen, a guide and myself, went to the citadel, where a fine view of the city was obtained. We also visited near there an old mosque over 500 years old. We then drove through a very old cemetery to a mosque in the middle of it, and as we were returning, met a funeral procession with the hired mourners at the head of the procession crying and at the same time grinning at us; but the grief of those following the bier was sincere and they cried very loudly.

I have just returned to my room from dinner and am too happy for words for Mr. Wiggins of Texas brought me your letter. I had given up hope, for I was at the office this morning. We will leave here tomorrow right after luncheon, for Alexandria, but as the plague is there we will not get to see the city at all. Any one of our party who happens to be at all sick will be left behind, (a man and his wife are to be left here) so Mrs. Park and I are fearful lest we will be taken suddenly ill and be left.

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The young man who had appendicitis will join us at Naples. We left one sick person at Jerusalem and one at Joppa. You see with this big crowd it would not do to run the risk of quarantine.







# BAY OF NAPLES

## LETTER NO. 12.

BAY OF NAPLES, FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1904.



E HAVE BEEN anchored in the beautiful Bay of Naples since about 11 o'clock this morning. All the battleships in the bay, of which there are 32, (among them our "Kentucky"), were firing salutes as we entered. Of course, we Americans took this honor unto ourselves, but I noticed that every vessel was decorated with flags and streamers and looking up saw our own "Kurfurst" gay with colors, so upon inquiry I found that the display was in honor of the French President who arrived at Naples this morning, also in honor of the visit of the King and Queen of Italy. I was on the upper deck, so interested in the smoking Vesuvius that I did not notice the bugle call for luncheon, and went down to the dining room just as they were serving the last course. I suppose I looked very hungry, for Fred, our good table steward, let me sit down and served me separately, for which I was very thankful, for at the close of the first sitting all the stewards and stewardesses were called up on deck and examined by health officers who came aboard here; then directly afterwards everybody on the

ship had to pass single file over the bridge (which connects the front part of the ship with the back part) for inspection, so the second sitting did not have luncheon till nearly 3 o'clock. We were told yesterday that all soiled linen must be put into our pillow slips and taken ashore to be fumigated, so you can imagine that yesterday was a great wash-day aboard ship; stockings, especially, could be seen hanging all over the ship and handkerchiefs could be counted by the dozen. Many things went overboard and trunks were locked and sent down into the hold, marked "To be stored in New York." Yes, it was a great house-cleaning day for the "Kurfurst" and the halls smell so of carbolic acid this morning that everybody is on deck. It seems so strange to have a little spare time; it is the first time since the week we left New York that I have seen so many sitting out on deck—we simply have not had time. The sea was quite rough yesterday and a great many people were sick, including myself; however I did not miss or lose a meal. Two months is a long time to live on one ship, and it seems almost like home to return to it after being away sight-seeing. We are always welcomed with smiles by the crew, and the ship is cleaned from top to bottom and sometimes painted in places.

Friday evening.—Well, the day is ending in great excitement, for the captain's dinner is being given tonight. The first sitting has just finished and the second is now beginning. I am sitting in the midst of the orchestra at a writing desk, for I don't want to write in my room for fear I will miss something. Every course at dinner was

decorated with some color. Some with colored masts and flags, others with little white boats, another with the American eagle standing among green leaves, and last of all came the ice cream in the form of a square, and sitting on top of it all, in the cream, was a little Chinese lady with a colored parasol over her. When we had reached the third course, the boats in the harbor fired the sunset guns. The windows were open (I sit next to one) and we all looked out at the grand sight; the noise was deafening, and simulteneously with the firing, all the streamers and flags were lowered. Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht was the nearest boat to us—only a few rods away. I tell you it was exciting. Before the dinner closed we all partook of the centerpiece on the table, of which there was one on each table; it consisted of a tall open-work pyramid of cake, decorated with tiny flags of different nations, and bonbons, and on the top a little statue of some kind. We popped the bonbons and wore the caps which they contained, with one of the flags stuck through them. Of course, we all wore our very "gladdest clothes" and the dining room was brilliant with color. The music too was the very best. I just told the boy playing the "big bass" at my elbow that my brother played the same instrument. I used my best German and he understood. I often think how George would enjoy a trip like this with the Germans. During the dinner Mr. Hartshorn presented the resolution, that, inasmuch as Monte Carlo was known throughout the world as the worst kind of a gambling place, that it was resolved to change the program; they took a vote which was almost unanimous for the change, so that

nearly all the party will take the beautiful drive, with dinner at Nice, instead of at Monte Carlo.

Tonight at 9 o'clock in this room: the captain, and I think Mr. Clark also will each be presented with a gold watch toward which we all contributed.

Late Wednesday night, Fred, our steward, brought me a letter from you addressed to Alexandria. I wish you could have seen it. I am going to keep the envelope for a curiosity. The authorities had evidently suspicioned it, and so opened it, and all on account of Mildred's innocent little drawing inside. The opened end of the envelope had been pasted together again with four strips of paper tape, there was Arabic and another language on the back and on the front, the address had been crossed out and sent to Cairo, and at the top it was sent in the care of an American line of steamers, and my room number was on twice. If you have addressed another one there, am afraid I will never get it. I told Mrs. Park that your letters always came in on the "home stretch," but I always had to have a certain amount of anxiety over them before they reached me. The belated letter to Athens arrived Wednesday morning and it is also a curiosity with four colors of ink and pencil on the envelope. It is no sign of carelessness to lose things in this trip. I was talking to Mrs. McCrellis this morning, and she told me that Mr. McCrellis (a member of the Central Committee) had lost two steamer rugs, two umbrellas, an overcoat, and about six or seven other articles which I have forgotten. Every morning there is put on display about 100 lost articles; besides these, in the hold, where the trunks are stored,



there was on display this morning the following lost articles, which I noted down: A laundry bag, pair shoes, several pair stockings, a new black dress suit vest, hot water bottle, garters, doiley, belts, collars, mittens, ribbons, feather ponpon, slippers, new woolen goods, cord and tassel, photos, a bottle of something, handkerchiefs, shoe strings, silver spoon, clothes hook, books, saucer, sword, basket of cotton chickens, and while I sat there a doll's shoe was added to the collection.

Sunday afternoon, May 1st, at Rome. —We are now in this wonderful old city, having arrived at midnight last night. We attended church services at the Scottish Presbyterian church this morning, went alone, and were misdirected so had a long walk of it. The service was very good and the church was more than filled with our people. We also stayed to the communion service at its close. Mr. Wiggins, of Texas, sat with me, so of course I felt quite at home. I think that he must be some relation for I feel as if I had always known him. I reached our hotel just in time for luncheon and have been lying down taking a good rest since.

As I was writing the other evening, I glanced out of the window and the bay and city of Naples was aglow with lights. I ran for my camera and hastened out on deck and it was one of the most beautiful sights that I ever witnessed. Six battleships were wholly outlined in electric lights, the whole front of a large building was the Italian flag in colored lights, all the vessels were lighted and the city itself was ablaze with colored lights, and almost in full view from our ship the fireworks were displayed; these consisted

principally of large set pieces, and they were beautiful. It was a glorious moonlight night, too—a sight never to be forgotten. When the evening's exercises began I came inside again, and the service was a fitting close to our grand tour. The speeches were all good; one was given by Mr. Johnson. A watch was presented to the captain and to Mr. Clark, and albums made in Jerusalem, of olive wood, and containing the autograph of every member of the cruise, were presented to Mr. Warren, Mr. Hartshorn, and Mr. McCrellis. Their speeches of thanks were all heartfelt, and when Mr. Hartshorn was speaking, the tears were flowing down more than one cheek for he spoke so tenderly of his invalid wife and said that if we saw the sunlight in his face, (which Mr. Johnson had mentioned in his presentation speech) that it was because of the little wife in yonder room, she who was deprived of many things because of God's great love—and we can readily see it, for they have both been a benediction to every member of the cruise, brought about through suffering. I was told that Mrs. Hartshorn has been an invalid for sixteen years. The next day we all separated, some of us never to meet again on earth.

Another good man who deserves the hearty thanks of every member of the cruise, is Mr. W. J. Semelroth, editor of the World Evangel and secretary of the convention committee, for in the face of the greatest difficulties he encouraged the undertaking in every issue of his paper. On board he has been a martyr to the cause of the "kodakers," having personal charge of Eastman's goods, and through some mistake he

was not supplied with the quantity of films which he ordered. So you can imagine that his task has been anything but an easy one.

Yesterday morning we had a three hours drive in Naples, visited the great cathedral, then the museum, where the interest to me all centered around Pompeii, for we saw there almost everything belonging to a house, from a bed and walls, to a flat-iron, and also a cork plan of the city as far as excavations show it. It was so full of interest, and will be such a help when we visit Pompeii itself. We also visited the celebrated aquarium of Naples, so fascinating, all except the long fish that looked like snakes. We all went back to the boat for luncheon after which we packed for Rome and left for the train about 3 o'clock. Some of our party went to Pompeii yesterday; they will visit Rome after we leave and then proceed across the continent. We packed our trunks to be sent back on the "Kurfurst" and stored in New York; needless to say mine was full of jugs. I bought a good stout basket valise, leather bound, at Cairo, to take across the continent with me. We are afraid to inquire when we leave Rome but think it will be Wednesday. The program for the next two days is very full, with nothing said about Wednesday.

I forgot to tell you about our ticket. We bought it of Cook & Son at Cairo from Nice to London; Nice, Genoa, Florence, Milan, Lucerne, Cologne, Amsterdam, The Hague, Paris, London, with fifteen nights at the hotels and fifteen days of meal tickets; if we run out of the latter we can renew at any point.





# ROME

## LETTER NO. 13.

ON TRAIN FROM ROME TO NAPLES, WEDNESDAY.  
MAY 4, 1904.



WE ARE leaving Rome, the city built on seven hills, and never in my life have I so regretted leaving a place. Only three days in Rome! I know you will gasp at the thought, but it could not be helped. Perhaps if it were to do over again we would have left the party at Rome; however, we have seen so much that we are fairly satiated with sight-seeing. Monday and Tuesday we were with our guides all day, not even taking time to go to our rooms at noon the first day, and the next day we only had about 15 minutes' rest after luncheon. Monday was at Clark's expense, Tuesday our own. The Hotel Minerva was just on the border of a part of the historical section, and in plain view from our window was the Pantheon, just a block away. (Here they would say one minute; they do not measure distances by blocks or miles, but minutes). We drove first to the Pincian Gardens. This is a beautiful park, the road winding gradually up a hill, from the top of which the finest view of Rome is obtained. The Seven Hills were pointed

out to us, also other objects of interest, but of course St. Peter's with its great dome loomed up above everything. We then drove to the Vatican, where the Pope's residence was pointed out to us, and then we visited there the Sistine Chapel, the Museum of Sculpture, and room after room containing fine old paintings, one of which was Raphael's "Transfiguration." But the Sistine Chapel was the greatest attraction to me; it contains Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment"—the whole of the end wall, and his wonderful ceiling. There are mural decorations by other artists on the side walls but while the guide was explaining them I turned again to the former, and all too soon he called us away. The library was not open while we were in Rome. I was so sorry for I did want to see it.

Directly after luncheon we drove back to the same place to visit St. Peter's church. The outer side did not impress me as it should have, perhaps, but the inside is beautiful almost beyond description. These great cathedrals somehow strike one as being so cold, in more than one sense, but St. Peter's less so than any I have visited, perhaps on account of the great draperies of rich red (I know they must have been 100 feet high) which were hung over all the bare spaces on the massive pillars; the guide told us that they were only used for special occasions. The church is filled with memorials of the Popes in beautiful sculptured groups of heroic size, and the body of the late Pope is there waiting for its last resting place, which is being prepared in the church of St. John in Lateran, which we visited the next day. From the church we drove to the Ro-

man Forum, a place full of interest, especially on account of the recent excavations within the last two years. The work is going on all the time; modern churches and houses are being torn down. The old Christian church dating from the fifth century, recently excavated, contained mural decorations of the crucifixion so well preserved; it also showed the altar and baptistry. I planted my camera on a rock to take a time picture of it when a guard came running up to me telling me by signs that it was forbidden to take pictures of the place. I caught up with the guide and asked him about it, and he said that it was only the new excavations of which photographers were forbidden to take pictures. I took snapshots of some of the fine old columns and arches which are standing among the ruins. The Coliseum is quite near the Forum so we went there next. It is a grand old ruin; have seen it so many times in pictures but it will always mean so much more to me now. We saw where the animals were kept, where they fought and devoured the Christians, where the Emperor and his followers sat, the subterranean passage to Nero's palace, the caves where the Christians were kept, and many other interesting things in connection with the old ruins.

The next morning we visited first the Mamertine prison where Peter is said to have been imprisoned for several months; it is a horrible, damp place, dark as night, with a single round hole in the ceiling through which the prisoners were let down. The opening is in the floor of a prison cell above, and the only other outlet is an iron door opening into the old Roman sewer where

dead bodies were thrown, and no one was any the wiser. We each carried a candle and entered the cell by a modern stairway. This prison is just at one end of the Forum, across the street.

The next place we visited was the Basilica or church of St. John in Lateran. Near here are the celebrated Holy Steps. These steps were brought from Pilate's house at Jerusalem and they claim that they were the ones that Christ ascended, but we know positively that they are the very steps that Martin Luther was ascending on his knees when the light burst upon him that "The just shall live by faith." We saw the poor creatures still going up on their knees and the steps were all worn smooth and round. In St. Peter's, too, one foot of a bronze statue of Peter was worn down to a smooth shapeless mass by the kisses and caresses of the people; we saw dozens of them doing it while we were there.

Just a few steps from St. John's is the Basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, so we visited it next, the principal thing of interest there being the beautiful ceiling made, they say, with the first gold discovered in America. Outside of this church, to the right, is a piece of the old aqueduct of Nero.

The last church we visited was St. Peter's in Vinculis, where, for a small fee, the attendant opened the golden doors of the altar and we gazed upon the old iron chains which bound Peter and Paul at Rome, but, as our guide said, "this is tradition." Here the wonderful "Moses" of Michael Angelo was of the greatest interest to me.

Immediately after luncheon we started on our drive to the catacombs, pass-



ing on our way the theatre of Marcello, Rienzi's House, Temple of Vesta, Temple of Fortune and the Gate of St. Paul in the old Roman wall, and near it the Pyramid of Caio Cestio. The guide was going to take us (a party of three carriages) to the Catacombs of St. Sebastian which are robbed of all inscriptions but visited by tourists generally, when, before starting, I remembered a warning not to go there, so I stood for my rights. One man was with me, but all the others did not know the difference. I argued with the guide until he became angry and said that he would follow his regular program and visit St. Sebastian, so I was greatly surprised when we drew up in front of the Catacombs of St. Domitilla, the richest of all in inscriptions, and we all went through them with our lighted candles. One enthusiast took a flash-light picture of an altar and the rest of us with hand cameras seized the opportunity and aimed too, but the result depends upon whether or not our cameras were perfectly steady. When going through those narrow, dark passages I could not help thinking how thankful we ought to be for our religious liberty. From there we drove a short distance to the church of St. Sebastian, and through an opening in the church we looked down upon some of the Catacombs, but did not go through them. We then turned our faces homeward, driving through a most beautiful country, part of it the Appian Way, passing now and then old ruins. We urged our driver on as fast as possible, for I had to reach the bank before 6 to get my two drafts cashed and you can imagine my anxiety, for we did not reach it till after 6, and we were to leave too early the next morn-

ing, but they were still open, busy with Clark's party, for Mr. Clark had advised me to cash them at their bank, where they could identify me, and they were very kind and gave me the money I asked for, which was French.

Friday evening.—This letter was interrupted near the beginning with carsickness. It was not, however, until I had eaten the cold lunch with which we were all provided, that I was thoroughly upset, and I kept perfectly quiet all the remainder of the journey. On reaching Naples about 4 o'clock, our two sections were made into one train, and we left directly for Pompeii, which we reached in about half an hour. I thought surely I would feel better in the open air but instead grew worse but managed to miss none of Pompeii. We reached the place quite late, so I am afraid all our snapshots are lost; however, I tried to take a few time pictures, resting my camera on whatever I could find. The city, buried for 18 centuries in the ashes, is, of course, exceedingly interesting; the frescoed walls, the bronze and marble statues, the beautiful mosaic floors, are almost untouched by time. Some of the gardens are newly planted with flowers, and the rest of the open court is just as it was left hundreds of years ago, with a fountain in the center and statuary all around the sides. The plumbing of the pipes too is wonderful; after all these years, when the water is turned on it runs through these same pipes which have been untouched, and plays at the fountain. The main street of the city was very interesting; it was paved with great stones, and the chariot wheels had worn grooves six inches in width in the hard rock. In the museum there, we saw many interesting

objects taken from the city, among them the perfectly preserved bodies of the victims. Fortunately for me, when we left the museum, we were almost at the station, and the train was to leave in 15 minutes—at 7 o'clock—but I was growing so very ill that I began to look for my Mr. Johnson and his medicine. I found him, but his medicine was left in the train, so I managed to get to the boat somehow—went right to bed, took a dose of Mr. Johnson's medicine, but was sick all night and of course still in bed when the party left yesterday morning in a thunder storm, for Vesuvius. I was so disappointed not to make the ascent but I had not bought my ticket yet, so I did not lose that. Some of the party turned back on account of the storm, but those who went, reported a splendid trip. The crowd who started for the island of Capri at the same time, were all brought back just after starting, as it was too dangerous to attempt it in a stormy sea. I got up yesterday afternoon, and this morning Mr. Lorenz, Mrs. Park, and I, went for a street car ride in Naples, just to see the city; it proved to be a very enjoyable little trip, and we reached our landing just in time, with a few minutes to spare, for we sailed shortly after 11. We had such a good joke on Mrs. Park that I will have to tell it. You know Naples is noted for its pickpockets, several of our people having their watches and purses jerked off of them in plain daylight, one poor man being put in jail for taking after the boy who robbed him. So we feel that Mrs. Park living in this atmosphere is not responsible. We had barely started on our ride when she reached down in her large coat sleeve and picked up a gold pin, (a claw hold-



ing a large pink coral) saying: "Why! I didn't buy this, how did it get in my sleeve?" It still had the price mark on it and I guess it was scooped up by the open "bell" sleeve, but we had lots of fun over it, and kept our eyes on her all the rest of the trip pretending that she had turned a kleptomaniac.

We have been packing this afternoon again and have each sent another bundle into the hold to be stored in New York.

I had to buy something in Naples, so on the way to the station I bought a small water-jug for 3 cents; the boy thought I wanted water in it and made me wait while he went off and filled it; when he brought it back I made signs and started to pour it out, then he made me wait again, and went off and got a glass, supposing I wanted a drink. I filled the glass, and walked off with the jug, and I wish you could have seen that boy's face; he stood there spellbound, looking first at me and then at the glass of water in his hand. When we reached the "Kurfurst" the steps were surrounded with small boats full of fruits, baskets, corals, oil paintings, fans, jewelry, etc., etc., and we had to run the gauntlet; but we landed at last with watches and pocketbooks safe, and soon after we sailed.



# NICE

## LETTER NO. 14.

NICE, SUNDAY, MAY 8, 1904.



WE ARE here in Nice and cannot leave till tomorrow morning. We wished very much to take the midnight train last night, or even tonight, but cannot, because we have an order on Thos. Cook & Sons for our hotel coupons which are already paid for, but must be secured here, and as they do not open until tomorrow morning we must wait in patience and lose a day. Our plan was to spend Sunday in Genoa, but now we shall not stop there, unless it is over one train, in order to get our dinner.

We attended the Scotch Presbyterian church here this morning, where we met about a dozen more of the "Kurfurst" tribe and you can imagine we gave them a warm handshake, although we had been separated only a few hours. When one is among strangers how good it is to see a familiar face. We heard a splendid sermon, and I think the minister must have known we were coming for he offered a most beautiful prayer for the President of the United States and "that great people."

It was quite a while after luncheon yesterday when we reached Ville-

franche, the last stop but one on the "Kurfurst" program. The sea was so rough that 150 passengers refused to land in the rowboats and were left on board. They missed it, for it was the most beautiful drive we had yet taken. Mrs. Park and I were among the first to land at Villefranche, and we were anxious to claim our baggage, which we supposed had already reached shore; but what was our disappointment to learn that it would not come for two hours, and that we must wait for it to claim it from the custom officials and thus miss our drive. After almost an hour, Mr. Clark made arrangements to have all the baggage sent to Nice, if we would surrender our keys so that it could be examined. This we gladly did for we were anxious to reach Nice before Cook's office closed. So we started about 4 o'clock on our beautiful drive, touched Nice, and were out of it again before we realized what had happened. I watched for some of our party who had started early, to return to Nice with them, but not one carriage did we pass—only a milk wagon or something of the kind, and the man was so fiendish looking that I was afraid to trust myself to him. On and on we drove, over the finest kind of a macademized road, winding around the high cliffs overlooking the Mediterranean sea. Now and then we caught glimpses of the snow-capped Alps, and when we suddenly rounded a curve and caught sight of the dear old "Kurfurst" lying at anchor many feet below us, we rose to our feet in welcome and waved her a last farewell. At about 7 o'clock we reached a villa where we were told to dismount and walk a short distance to get a view of Monte Carlo, and what a sight it was! A thousand feet below us

we looked down upon it. I imagine it was more beautiful from the mountain than from a closer view point, for we did not see the disgusting part which a number of our people reported who went there. We were almost frozen, it was so cold, and I'm afraid it would have been the last of me if I had not wrapped up in one of the horse's blankets, and opened my umbrella, to keep the wind off. I also procured the other horse blanket for Mrs. Park, and everybody laughed at us, for we looked like Indians. It was quite dark so that we could not enjoy the return drive until we came in sight of Nice, which lay away below us, a twinkling mass of lights, a beautiful sight. The return was all down grade and we arrived at our hotel here, "The Terminus," about 9 o'clock, where we all had dinner, and you can imagine what an appetite the mountain air had given us. The drive was on the upper Corniche Road, considered, I believe, the most beautiful drive in the world. After our dinner I tried to find some one who knew about the hotels where Cook's coupons were accepted, but could find no one, so presented my list to the hotel clerk and asked him which was the nearest hotel. With fearful looks out into the darkness he told me that they were all very far away. I was not satisfied and later on asked a stranger who spoke English and he took us to one on my list three or four doors from the "Terminus," so you will see the kind of people we have to deal with. I have to use my French more than I did when with papa, for then I left it all to him. I can usually make them understand me, but I don't pretend to understand them. I find myself unconsciously thinking in French, and when Mrs. Park suddenly

asks me a question, I answer promptly "Oui! Oui!" (We have the French "shrug" down pat).

Monday, May 9.—I am writing from Genoa now, the birthplace of Columbus, having arrived at dinnertime this evening, and we leave again at 11:45 to-night for Florence. We only stopped off in order to get dinner, and to reach Florence at a better hour—7:27 in the morning. We ate crackers and fruit, (nice ripe cherries) at noon on the train and had breakfast at Nice before we left. Keeping track of trains and baggage is enough to make one lose one's head in this country. We changed cars and had all our baggage examined at Vintinelle, on the way here today, and everything was utter confusion. The train was to leave in a few minutes, and we had to sign our tickets and get a porter to carry our baggage back to the train. One kind man took pity on us and conducted us through a gate down a long narrow passage and into a little dark room where there was only a table, chair, pen, ink and sand. We signed our tickets, and then we watched him carefully sprinkle sand over the writing in order to blot it. We could not get hold of a porter—they were all engaged—but looking up I saw a "Cook's" man with folded arms leaning on a railing. I told him that we belonged to Cook's party and wanted help, but he scarcely moved a hand. We finally secured a porter and then had no time to spare, so I begged "Cook's" man to please show us through the rest of the red tape; he only pointed and told us to go through a certain gate, down a hall and through a room. I could stand it no longer so I said: "It's your business to help us, you must go with us." He answered:



"All right, then; I'll go with the baby," and muttering all the way he went with us. I said nothing until we had reached the train platform then I asked him "how in the world he thought that we could have found our way through all that." He muttered again something about babies not knowing the way, and left us to find a compartment ourselves. One of the train men, however, finally found a place large enough for us and our luggage, and we had no further trouble. I forgot to mention that "Cook's" man was very handsome and wore a swell uniform. I don't know but he wore gloves also. We met some of the "Kurfurst" party at this hotel; at our table tonight there were ten people—five of them from Oregon. We met for the first time this evening Dr. Pohl, of Portland; she is very pleasant. The other two ladies we have met quite often.

Mr. Lorenz has been so kind to us, and we have enjoyed his company at our table very much. You know he is the music publisher I told you of and is editor of the "Choir Leader," from which we have sung many anthems. A hymn that he wrote was translated into Arabic, and they were using it at Mt. Carmel, away off in Palestine, which was a pleasant surprise for him, although his compositions are used everywhere. He was formerly a minister. He has very kindly invited us to visit him and his family on our way home, but of course it will be impossible for us to do so.

There is a fine memorial statue to Columbus just in front of our hotel and that is probably all we will see of Genoa. We took a walk up street this

evening and bought a few little souvenirs. We also heard the cathedral chimes this evening.

# FLORENCE

## LETTER NO. 15.

GRAND HOTEL, PORTA ROSSA AND CENTRAL, FLORENCE, MAY 10, 1904.



IT DOES not seem possible that we left Genoa just last evening; this has been such a long twenty-four hours. The Hotel Royal, at Genoa where we stopped, is just at the station, so we had no trouble in getting off on the right train, but we were stopped at the gate by the ticket man, who said that one of my bags was too large to take into the compartment with us and I must register it, but with a hint from the hotel clerk, a franc fixed that all right. Just think of it; our baggage was handled nine times from Nice to this place! Do not wonder if our hair has turned gray when we reach home. Two nice old ladies occupied the compartment with us, we had quite a comfortable lounge until 3:30 in the morning, when we had to change cars at Pisa and wait over an hour for our train. From there on to Florence our compartment was full so that we could not sleep, but it was daylight, and we enjoyed the scenery. From Nice to the place where we first changed cars we traveled first class, with the "nobility and fools." This was not our fault, because the second class tickets were all



gone. A nice young Englishman told me today that everybody traveled third class in England and they pride themselves upon their fine trains. We caught a glimpse of the leaning tower at Pisa; in fact two glimpses, one by moonlight, the other by daybreak, and a little later we saw the sun rise golden over the beautiful mountains. We passed numerous vineyards and saw the peasants just starting to work in them. Trees of different varieties are planted about ten feet apart, and the grapevines are trained upon these and festooned from one tree to another; we saw this also in Naples, only on much taller trees.

I was struck with the absence of the Italian costume; it is rarely seen—only the head-dresses are worn in the fields. Wash day in this country is kept no secret; here the women go to the public stone washtubs and pound their clothes to cleanse them, then dry them anywhere. We saw the streets of Naples filled with clothes lines, one Friday, then the next day we landed at Villefranche and it was wash day there.

Instead of shouting "All aboard" as is done in our country when the train is about to start, they ring a cow-bell or blow a brass horn, then the engine gives a short toot and in an instant we are off, safely locked in.

Mrs. Park and I are becoming quite proficient in Italian as we have mastered the word for pillow, which is "go-on Charlie" (guan chawlie).

May 12th.—Florence was a great surprise to me and we were so fortunate in having a good guide there. It is such a great art center—more masterpieces in painting and sculpture are there than in any other city, I believe. Our guide was an artist himself, and knew the history of every work of art so that we



were more than fortunate in securing him. Cook's guides were all engaged and I was about to give up until the next day, when this man was brought to me by a guide. He has quite a history. He was born in Florence and studied art there, was married and went to Texas where he painted and ran a ranch for ten years; at the end of that time he was thrown from a horse, and as he lay on the ground was bitten by a young rattlesnake, just below the eye. After six months of suffering he recovered, but is totally blind in one eye and the other eye is very weak so that he had to give up painting. He came back to Florence and is beginning to act as a guide. We had him with us the first afternoon we were in Florence, and the next morning also. We visited first the Uffizi Gallery, and the first rooms we entered were filled with portraits of famous artists painted by themselves, from centuries ago down to the present time; they were so interesting. Then our guide took us out into the long halls and showed us art from its beginning, almost—so very crude—and then on down to the present time. He then selected only the master-pieces in each room, explaining them fully, and it would be impossible to tell you about them. We then went to the Pitti Palace, to visit the galleries there. They are connected with the Uffizi galleries by a long covered hallway and bridge over the Arno the walls of which are literally lined with thousands of portraits of the ancestors and friends of the Medici family. The Pitti Palace is a gallery of masterpieces, the Madonna of the chair the most famous, but our poor bodies were pretty well worn out when we had finished with them, so our wise guide called a carriage and

took us for a drive to one of the beautiful sections of Florence, which rested us, and landed us at our hotel just in time for dinner. The next morning at 9 we started out again with the same guide. At my request (the day before), he took us to a place where I could buy a jug of some kind. He was a good judge of decorative work so we bought a few little things in Florentine majolica ware, very inexpensive, but so pretty. We then visited a beautiful church, the one which Michael Angelo called his "bride;" it was planned by two monks and there is a strange thing connected with it, called by our guide an optical illusion. We entered, of course, by the front door and he took us straight up in front of the altar, turned us around, and then asked if we noticed anything strange about the church. We answered immediately that it seemed a third shorter than it looked from the door, and then he explained how this was done, or rather, he let us discover it for ourselves. About half way between the altar and the door are two low steps crossing the entire floor; in front of these steps the great pillars are much closer together than below the steps, but from the door this is not apparent and so the distance seems to be increased. There are wonderful frescoes in this old church, and many interesting tombs. We next drove to the Camera Club of the city, where I wished to inquire about the Holland exhibition. I learned, much to my regret, that it would not open till June 1st.

We next visited the Academy, where we saw many fine things, the greatest of all, Michael Angelo's statue "David;" it is of heroic size, and well placed at the end of a long hall of statuary. I think the Florentine gal-

eries are better arranged than any I have ever visited. Art students are everywhere copying the old masters. It will give you an idea of the length of time they some times have to wait, when I tell you that a young artist who was copying a madonna yesterday, signed 15 years ago for his turn. I should think he would change his mind and paint a picture not quite so popular. The students are granted great privileges; any picture they want to copy, no matter how large, is taken down and placed in a good light. We visited another small gallery filled with models and designs of the great cathedral of Florence, from the past centuries down to the last one, accepted for the facade, which is quite new. Our wonderful guide has made a study of architecture also, so he gave us the history of the cathedral, pointing out the additions from time to time. The great cathedral is so very impressive, the exterior I mean, the second largest in the world. Just opposite it is the great Baptistry (originally the Cathedral of Florence) where every child in Florence is baptised at the age of three days and over. At the entrance of this building are the famous bronze doors by Ghiberti of the 15th century. In the last gallery mentioned, we saw Robbia's famous "singing children," always a favorite subject of mine; they are so beautiful.

After we left this gallery, we visited a shop or two, then went to our hotel and settled up with our guide and with each other, which was not easy by any means, as we had all contributed to the morning's expenses.

We ate our luncheon, packed, and left on the 3 o'clock train. While we were waiting at the station, two large parties

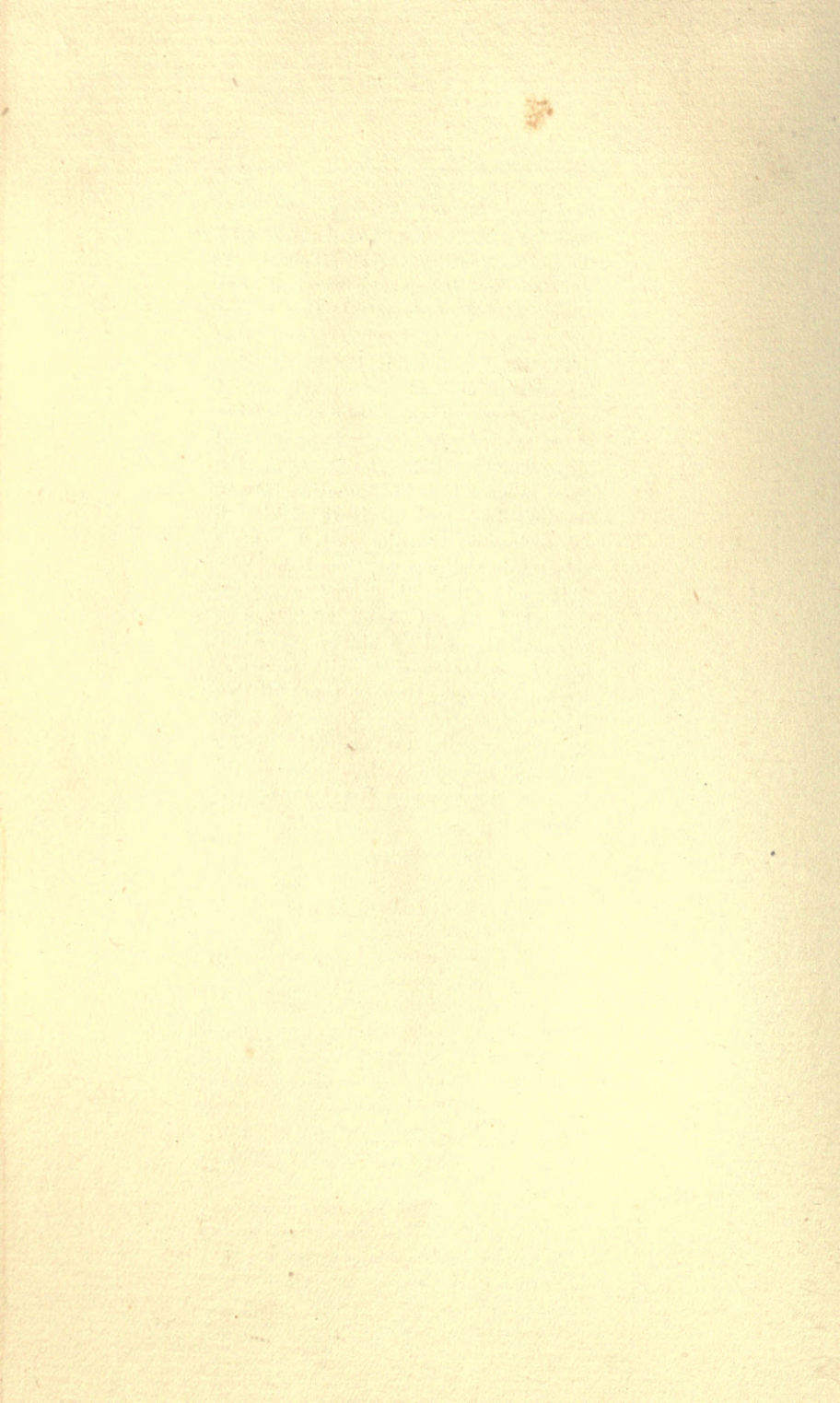
of Clark's, from the Kurfurst originally, came and took possession of the place; in fact the train was so much delayed by their unexpected arrival, that we reached Venice a half hour late. While at the station we spent our time greeting old friends, and watching with interest a bridal party; and what should be our fate but to ride in the same compartment with the bride and groom all the way to Bologna! Our good or ill fortune was shared by a gentleman and his wife from Scotland (very pleasant, congenial people) and all went well for about five minutes, when the smoke from the tunnels caused the groom to lose all interest in life, and the young wife's troubles began. During a search in her valise, (presumably for restoratives), the bride's bouquet of orange blossoms came to light; this aroused the groom, and together they enjoyed a few blissful moments examining boxes of wedding gifts, but alas! this was of short duration, for in a careless moment the bride dropped the groom's "brau" new black felt hat on to the dusty floor. The words that followed were in a foreign language, but intonations, facial expressions and signs are the same the world over, and we all pitied the poor bride from the bottom of our hearts; as for the groom, he nursed the injured hat all the remainder of the trip.

The second half of our journey we traveled with some interesting people also; in fact, we spent all of our time weaving a romance about them, but it is too long a story to tell here.

I must tell you the history of the Red Doors which you see on this stationery. The Porta Rossa Hotel (meaning red doors) where we stopped while in Flor-



ence is a very old building and was used for years as a custom house, up to the 17th century, when it was remodeled, and it has always had red doors. Mrs. Park is certain that it was once the palace of a princess, and after living for two days in the overwhelming magnificence of our apartment I quite agreed with her. She has written Mr. Park of the frescoed walls and high vaulted ceiling of our room, the great mirrors in gold Florentine frames, the twin beds and furniture of historical periods in the dim past, but I am not certain that she mentioned the door. This could not be discovered except for the old-fashioned knob, as it was a piece of the wall on hinges cut right out of the "scenery" with no woodwork whatever. I am so thankful that I have Mrs. Park away from there, for she was growing too romantic to live with, and to make matters worse all the hotel clerks behaved like "knights of old."



# VENICE

## LETTER NO. 16.

VENICE, GRAND CANAL HOTEL, ET MONACO, A. TICOZZI, PROPRIETAIRE, LE MAY, 13, 1904.



ND NOW COMES VENICE ! It was my turn to feel romantic when we reached here at night, took our own gondola and quietly glided over the waters to our hotel. As we left the station and I settled down comfortably on the soft cushions I remarked that I hoped it would be a long way to the hotel, and so it proved to be. For full half an hour we glided along, deftly rounding corners, passing under little stone bridges, now in darkness and now in the light of the lanterns which were so prettily reflected in the water. As we drew near the Grand canal (on which most of the hotels, including ours is situated) the sound of music reached our ears, and when we suddenly came upon it, Venice at night in all its beauty burst upon us. Everything was brightly illuminated. The gondolas occupied by the musicians were decorated in colored lights, and all was reflected in the water, which was full of movement, and the effect cannot be described. A short distance on the Grand canal and we reached our hotel. We were welcomed, of course, but not with the grand air of Florence, which was disappointing. We were lulled to sleep



by the singing musicians and not by horses' hoofs upon stone pavements, which is our usual lullaby. And speaking of horses, there are scores of people in Venice over 70 years old who have never seen a horse and, of course, none of the younger people have, unless they have been out of the city, for there is not a horse in Venice. Another strange thing about the city is that there are never any drowning accidents; everyone can swim.

Yesterday morning after breakfast we hunted up Thos. Cook & Son's office, which is near our hotel (at one side of St. Mark's): we walked there, through little narrow streets, and on our way, of course, came upon the square in front of St. Marks where the pigeons are fed by the children and tourists. I took Mrs. Park's picture with a pigeon eating from her hand. It is indeed a curious sight to see thousands of them so tame. The old Cathedral of St. Marks I think is beautiful. I don't know the opinion of architects—it is such a mixture of architecture: we have not been inside yet. There were no letters for us at Cook's, and we are trying very hard to be contented without them, but I'm afraid that we are making faster time than you expected and so the mail will miss us all the way to London. We have our program all made out. We are spending another day here because we would rather have it than at Milan, as there we only wish to get the remainder of our tickets (for which we have an order), see the cathedral and Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper," and we can do that in half a day tomorrow and leave for Lucerne Saturday night, reaching there Sunday morning,



where we will spend the Sabbath. If we had an extra day we would run down to Interlaken from there but we must push on Monday morning and take the Rhine trip Tuesday, spend Thursday at Haarlem, Friday at The Hague (that is the day of their street fair), and Saturday afternoon reach Paris. We will leave there Tuesday night at the latest, leave London for our Scotland and Ireland trip of three days and back to London Saturday night where we will spend the remainder of the time. So this is our program if our weary bodies are able to carry it out. We are tired of museums, churches, etc., and look with wonder upon our fellow tourists still visiting them.

Yesterday morning after we returned from Cook's we hired a gondola for an hour and a half at a franc (20 cents) an hour, giving orders to be taken through the smaller canals, and it was just fine. I enjoyed every minute of it. Of course, I took some snapshots, but the high point of our gondola was in the way most of the time and the gondolier could not always turn to one side on account of other boats passing. They are so deft in steering the long boats with their single oar. We hired a guide for the afternoon, but he was almost a superfluous appendage, for the galleries and museums were all closed on account of the holiday, (Assumption day) which after all, was fortunate for us, for we were simply too tired to see anything.

Our guide took us first to a Venetian glass store and factory, where his commission trick failed to work, as we would not buy. It was very interesting to see the glass being spun, beads made and the mosaic patterns being worked out, but the great gaudy chandeliers

and mirrors are not beautiful. The wood carving done at the same place is interesting. We took a ferry to see the market, which amounted to nothing, as the greater part was cleared away. These ferry boats run up and down the Grand canal very close together, as they do in London and Paris and were crowded all day yesterday. We passed the boat racers in their white uniforms, with red roses in their caps, and witnessed one race from the ferry. Later in the day we saw from our window a very long racing boat with 10 men rowing, all standing. From the market we hired a gondola and went out into two lagoons, where, looking across one of them we saw the cemetery of Venice, on an island; this reminds me of the gondolas, which are always painted black with black funereal draperies, relieved only with brass dragons or other ornamental designs at the sides. I enquired of the guide the reason for this, and he said that after the great plague of 1631 when within nine months 40,000 Venitians died of it, the government ordered all the gay gondolas painted black, and black they are to this day with hardly an exception—my only objection to them.

Venice is built on wooden piles and on 72 islands. One bridge, a span over which we passed yesterday, was built on thousands of piles. It seems that there is a certain kind of wood which does not decay in sea water.

This morning we went again for mail and on business to Cook's office and as far as the former is concerned were again disappointed. Mrs. Park returned to the hotel and I went in search of a brass and copper store which we visited yesterday with our guide, but I

preferred to bargain without him and save the commission. I bought such a pretty old brass tray, a bronze knocker (for future use), and a small copper pot, and I am so pleased with all three. After our luncheon Mrs. Park took a nap, and I gathered together my sketching materials, hired a gondola and started out. I selected a pretty spot, dismissed the gondolier and started in. I was not without an audience from the first, but they were quite useful to me. From one I hired a chair, another, unasked, emptied my jug of water and brought me some fresh, two or three others shook from my umbrella the dust and ants of the bridge, another brought me some refreshments, and still another acted as critic. At the end of two hours I called a passing gondolier and was endeavoring by signs and a mixture of languages to tell him what I wished when he said: "Do you speak English?" and it was such a shock to hear my own language, and that from a gondolier that I just leaned back and laughed. He was as good as a policeman; for half an hour he kept the children at a distance while I sketched, then on the way back to the hotel insisted upon taking me to see the great furnace where the glass is melted. He said he did not care for expenses and he wouldn't charge me if it run over the hour, so I went. It isn't every day that one gets such a gondolier, and he was so very polite, "a la Florence." Venice is an ideal place for sketching. How I would love to spend six months here, it is simply perfect. Venice must be seen to be appreciated. I can not tell you about it.





# MILAN

## LETTER NO. 17.

LUCERNE, SUNDAY, MAY 15, 1904



WE ARRIVED here this morning, but I am going to tell you about Milan first. We left Venice at 8:20 yesterday morning, ran into a "Kurfust" party at the station and rode all the way to Milan with a family which we knew well. The trip was without incident and the scenery was fine all the way. Arriving at Milan we took the 'bus to our hotel, the Victoria (centrally located) and, although we were to leave that night, hired a room for the few hours at 25 cents each. After making inquiries, we took a carriage without a guide, as we had made up our minds to see only the Cathedral and Leonardo de Vinci's famous masterpiece.

As we held an order on Cook & Son at Milan for the remainder of our tickets, we went there first to have it over with and to enquire for mail. They could only give us tickets as far as Cologne and furnished us with another order on their office there. There was no mail, and now we can scarcely hope for any till we reach London, to which point I have ordered it all forwarded. We had left Cook's and were on our way to the old Monastery of St. Maria della Grazia when we met with our first accident. Our carriage crashed into a street car which was coming to-

ward us at a pretty good speed. The first thing I knew I was thrown forward onto the front seat, Mrs. Park the same, the driver fell clear to the ground rolling over and over, and glass was cracking and scattering everywhere. The horse was frightened and as some men ran to its head I said to Mrs. Park: "We had better get out;" so we did, and even so quickly a crowd had gathered. We were not hurt, but badly shocked, making us very nervous for the rest of the day. When they saw that no one was seriously hurt, although the driver had a pretty hard fall, they began examining the carriage and found that it was unfit for use until repairs could be made, so we had to pay our man and hunt another carriage—a double expense for us—but we felt so sorry for our driver and were so thankful to be unhurt that we left the street crowd, that had gathered, quite contented—two lone women in a strange city and far from our hotel. For nearly half an hour we hunted a carriage and as we were just about to despair, our time was so limited, we found one, drove to the Monastery, paid one franc each admittance and stepped into the long room at the end of which is the large fresco of Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper," one of the most celebrated pictures in the world. It is very beautiful, but so very badly damaged that some of the figures can scarcely be made out. It is the only picture of importance in the room and, just think of it, the place was once used as a stable! And now tourists come from the ends of the earth to see a painting which for so long a time was forgotten. As we left who should we meet but two of Clark's parties, I mean

from the Kurfurst, and by the way they all have "Cook's" tickets although they are called "Clark's Tours."

We visited next the great Milan Cathedral, the most beautiful church I was ever in; both inside and out it is grand. The windows are so rich in color and of such beautiful design. The great columns inspire one with awe, and while we were there the late afternoon sun streamed in throwing a beautiful light over all. We called at Cook's again, dismissed our carriage, and after securing our tickets walked back to our hotel. After supper we lay down until 10 o'clock and in half an hour left in the 'bus for the station. Once in our compartment we played a little trick on our fellow travelers who arrived a few minutes later. We turned out the light and fixed ourselves comfortably, leaving no space except at our feet where one person could sit upright, and when a little later one traveler after another passed our door and glanced in upon two sleeping women, who could blame them if they did not have the heart to disturb their slumbers? Later on in the night, however, one venturesome man sat quietly at my feet, otherwise we had the compartment to ourselves, which we think was excusable selfishness.

About 12.30 midnight, we had to have our baggage all examined again, and, of course, this meant that it was all taken from the train into a room in the station, and it was difficult last night to find enough porters for all, so we were about the last getting settled. It is such a nervous strain on one, especially when the language is unknown, for a mistake can easily be made. But last night I met my "Waterloo" in the shape of a high officer who

told me that I must register my large valise. Money would not work that time, as it had twice before, so I had to register it for the rest of the trip and when I claimed it this morning it cost me over a dollar. Am afraid from now on that I will have to register it.

I slept scarcely any last night and about 4 o'clock, as it grew a little light, I drew the curtain and looked out upon the Alps! I felt like a child and wanted to scream for joy; it was so beautiful. I soon awakened Mrs. Park and from that time till we reached Lucerne we gazed in wonder upon the beautiful panorama. The mountains are much like those of the White Pass, Alaska, and the Rockies on the Canadian Pacific railroad, but the charm here is in the contrast with the beautiful little villages and farms lying all along the foot of the great snow-capped mountains, and the little houses are simply ideal. In them I saw all the new architecture which is the rage at home. And the lakes reflecting the mountains! In all my life I never saw such beauty! How I wish I could describe it to you. I regret so much that we cannot take the time to go to Interlaken now that we are here.

After breakfast this morning, we undressed and went to bed, and how good it seemed. This is such a quaint little hotel. On top of each bed is an immense down pillow used instead of a comforter, and I tell you we were glad to have them this morning for it was so cold. We ate our breakfast out of doors on an open veranda in the sunshine, and such butter and buns and honey I never tasted in all my life. We are sitting out on the veranda writing, and it is very warm now. We are going for a walk when it gets a little cooler and may run across an English church.



# LUCERNE

## LETTER NO. 18.

MAINZ, GERMANY, MAY 17, 1904.



MUST tell you about the remainder of our Lucerne experience. Sunday afternoon as we started out for our walk we crossed the street to the river and noticed great crowds rushing about excitedly. We soon saw a crowd gathered on the end of the bridge just opposite us and a man was just lowering a grappling hook into the water. He caught something in it and as he drew it up we saw the body of a woman. For full ten minutes he held her down in the water, then they brought another hook and still they could not pull her up. Finally a man waded in and in one minute had her out. Of course, she was dead then, but when we first saw her she could not have been in the water more than three minutes, for the current is very swift there and the row boat in which she had been was caught a few rods up stream where it was overturned. We heard that there was a man crowned too but did not know the particulars till a little while ago, when we read it in the Paris "N. Y. Herald." They were a bride and groom, just married (three weeks ago), on their wedding trip; their name was Carter, of Leeds, England. It made such an impression on us that we had to constantly fight it from our minds, especially at

night, and we were so sorry that we saw it. From there we went a short distance to a beautiful forest of fir trees, which reminded us of home, and there, in the stillness where we heard only the singing of birds, we sat down and studied our Sunday school lesson. As we were returning to our hotel just at sunset we had a most beautiful view of Lake Lucerne and the distant houses. As I said in my other letter we concluded to spend another day there. This did not give us time enough to go to Interlaken but we took a little trip on the lake Monday (yesterday) to Fluelen, a very beautiful spot. We left Lucerne at 8 in the morning, spent two hours at Fluelen, where we wandered around and took some pictures; took our luncheon in a pretty little garden, then returned on the boat to Lucerne, where we arrived about 4 o'clock. The scenery all the way reminded us so much of the Columbia. At Fluelen we met the two Kurfurst parties on their way to Lucerne from Milan; we shall not probably meet them again.

On returning to Lucerne I hunted up Cook's to get some money changed, and came back over a quaint little old covered bridge which I had noticed, and what was my surprise on looking up, to see two old oil paintings above every beam. I inquired about them and found that the bridge and paintings were over 600 years old. There must have been over 100 paintings, all of historical subjects. After resting nearly an hour I went down stairs to meet two young ladies of the Kurfurst, who wanted to go with us on a street car trip which we were told was fine. I waited for an hour and they did not appear, so at 6:25 I started out alone, as Mrs. Park was too tired to go. I knew that part

of the trip was a lonely walk through the forest where Mrs. Park and I were on Sunday, but I wasn't going to be disappointed, so took the street car at the door and started. I rode to the end of the line, then took the lift (they call it) up the mountain. I could scarcely keep my seat as I went up (alone, except for the motorman), for the view which was before me cannot be described. On and on we went, clear to the top of the mountain, and when the man opened the door to let me out he smiled, as much as to say, "In all your life have you ever seen anything to equal it?" I answered with gestures, which were understood. Really, it is impossible for me to tell about it. The Alps almost encircled me, (fully two-thirds of the horizon being visible from where I stood), and nestled at their feet were beautiful lakes, and on the borders of these I counted twelve cities and towns; then nearer at my feet were the green hillsides, the apple trees all in blossom and the birds singing so sweetly. I fear that it was too late for pictures, as the sun was setting, but nevertheless I used more than a dozen films. Every now and then I find myself dreaming about it, seeing it all over again. I stayed as long as I dared, knowing that I had a walk before we, and a very long one it proved to be. I went first through the golf links, which are beautiful; I believe there are no finer in the world and I was just reading about them in the Paris Herald this evening. Then I entered the forest and for fully fifteen minutes I walked and ran before I reached the "lift" which took me to the street again. I was not frightened as I remembered that I was "fleet of foot," but I did not meet a living soul and heard not a sound

save the birds. I reached the hotel at 10 minutes of 8, and supper was nearly over, but I told the landlady that it was her fault, as she said that it was a 10-minutes' walk and I walked and ran as fast as I could for nearly half an hour.

We went to the station this morning with our luggage in the hotel 'bus, and when we unloaded found the fifth piece of our luggage missing (Mrs. Park's suit case), so the 'bus was sent back after it and the hotel porter brought it to the train just before we started, which was ten minutes before the time given us by "Cook's"; that's the way things are done in this country. We had our luggage all removed to the station at Bale and examined by customs officials, a performance which so far has amounted to nothing, as not once have they examined the contents. Soon after starting, a high official came through the car and collected 50 cents each from us because we were on a special train, called a Train de Luxe. We had noticed the handsome furnishings so were not surprised when we were asked extra fare, as Cook's tickets gave notice in their rules. It was a through fast train, with a maid for each car, and we had a whole compartment to ourselves all the way, for which we were very thankful, as it was very warm and we just made ourselves comfortable and took naps. Arrived at the station here at Mainz, our porter took our luggage off in one direction and motioned us to go away off in another, which we reluctantly did, and when we reached the front of the immense building where our path led us, our porter and baggage could not be found. Leaving Mrs. Park to guard our hand baggage I started out in



search of both, but could find neither. I then appealed to an English-speaking porter and he said that the man had taken it to our hotel, and, sure enough, I remembered that he had asked the name of our hotel as all of them do, but I had forgotten that we were in a country where the railroad porters take luggage to the hotels from the station in little hand carts; hitherto the porters would not step outside the station, with one exception. We found our luggage at the hotel, but, as that domicile had lately changed hands, the manager would not accept Cook's coupons, so we called a carriage and went bag and baggage to try another hotel. We landed at this one (where we were told Cook's coupons would be accepted), but they also refused them, so we concluded to take a room and breakfast anyway, and we found them very kind, indeed, trying in every way to make our short stay pleasant. The hotel is right on the bank of the Rhine and this evening we took a little walk up the river and listened for a while to a fine band concert in a park just a block from here.



# THE RHINE

LETTER NO. 19.

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1904



THE DAY we spent on the Rhine, which now seems so long ago, proved to be a very pleasant one for us, as we were with two Kurfurst young ladies and together we read the legends of the Rhine which made the old Castles we passed so frequently all the more interesting. The day was cloudy and very cold, a disappointment to many, but to me the clouds were a great relief. I think the Rhine is very interesting, principally on account of the old castles, but as far as natural scenery is concerned our own Columbia surpasses it.

When we reached Cologne we went right to our hotel, only a short distance, then left immediately for Cook's, as we held another order for tickets on that office. We had just left there when Mr. Schlosser, William Brown's cousin, came hurrying up to us, asking if we were the Salem ladies. He had been to our hotel and they had sent him to Cook's after us. We made use of an interpreter at the office and Mr. Schlosser very kindly asked if we would like to go for a drive. Of course, we were obliged to refuse, as our stay was so short, and we just had time to see the Cathedral before supper. He went with us to the Cathedral, only a block distant, and purchased tickets for us so

that we might see also the treasures of the Cathedral, and we appreciated his kindness very much. When we found that our stay in Cologne would be so short we wrote Mr. Schlosser from Lucerne, telling him not to trouble to meet us, for we were afraid that Mr. Brown had written him that we were coming. The "Dom" (cathedral), as it is called in Cologne, is very grand indeed and needs to be described by one who has made a study of fine architecture, so I will not attempt it. The two great spires can be seen for miles on the Rhine, towering above everything; but what a pity that such an edifice must be encroached upon by other buildings.

The next morning at Cologne we had a few minutes for shopping, then left for Holland, and after we had passed the first windmill, I began to feel at home. Dear old Holland, I love it as much as ever.

We came right through to The Hague, writing ahead for our mail to be sent there, care of Cook's, but imagine our surprise when we found that they had no office here nor at Haarlem, so we are going to write the postmaster at the latter place to forward our mail to London. As soon as I opened the door of this hotel, where I spent two weeks, four years ago, Mrs. Zuur, the owner, greeted me by name and in a few minutes handed me a letter saying that it had been there a week. It proved to be Harry's wedding invitation and a note from Joe, the first news since Rome; but the taste only made us want more and we have been homesick ever since. Yesterday we reached here about 4 o'clock, so we went to the shops before supper, bought a few souvenirs and concluded that Holland had better things for tourists than any place we



had visited. But I was saving my money for the great market of Friday (today), as I had planned our trip to be here on that day and, of course, I had great visions of brass and copper. The first thing this morning we took the street car for Scheveningen and by much coaxing I persuaded Mrs. Park to climb the stairs and sit on top, so we had a fine view all the way out. We were on the beach nearly two hours, and it was so interesting to watch the fishermen launch their boats. One young Dutch boy followed me around half an hour asking me if I was going to take a picture of "me fadder's skip." We almost came to blows, and he tried to make me give him something, just because, as he expressed it, I had "lots of money." I took hold of his arm, not very lightly, showed him my American flag and threatened "policee," after that he was more respectful. Farther down the beach I was leveling my camera at a boat, when a handful of wet sand came from some place straight into my shutter, of course, almost ruining it. It took me half an hour to take it all apart and clean it, and you may believe I had an audience. The old Dutchmen were sympathetic and scolded the boys, and bye and bye, when Mrs. Park came, it was just too funny to hear her tell the bystanders in such a quiet, sympathetic, hurt tone of voice, the injury done the camera, all of which was in English and not a word did they understand; then the old Dutchmen talked back at her in their language, so sympathetically.

When we reached the hotel we found the two young ladies who had taken the Rhine trip with us, here. I had given them the name of the hotel, so after dinner we all went to

the great market together. There was only one brass and copper booth, as it was a Jewish holiday, so I did not have much choice; however, I bought a few things. As I told Mrs. Park before we reached here, "we are likely to run into a holiday at any time in Holland," and the Jews are the very people who have the brass shops in town and they were all closed today, and tomorrow is their Sabbath. Just this evening though, I found two shops not far from the hotel, and one at least will be open tomorrow. It is just filled with fine old brass, so if I charter a freight car to bring my purchases home do not wonder. It is very late and I will have to continue Holland in my next. The queen has just left The Hague so we will get to see her palace tomorrow.



# PARIS

## LETTER NO. 20.

PARIS, MAY 22, 1904



WE ARE here in gay Paris and consider ourselves fortunate in having a roof over our heads. We arrived at 11 last night, took a carriage and drove to the first hotel on our list, as usual. They were "full up," as they say, and could not take us in, so we drove on to the next one; they, too, were compelled to refuse us and by that time we began to feel homeless indeed, but we ordered our good-natured coachman to make another trial, and we brought up here (Hotel de Londres et de Milan), taking the very last room they had, the family bedroom. We decided last night that we would move today, but changed our minds this morning when we found that we were in such a central location—very near Cook's office and between the Avenue de l'Opera and Jardin des Tuileries—and then our bed was so comfortable, with its soft pillows, down comforter, and linen sheets trimmed with broad bands of lace insertion, but we hope that we have not robbed the family. You know the French people do not believe in outdoor air, but we insisted that we must have some in our room, so the servant worked away at the windows but could not open them until he had brought a step ladder, and even then I dreamed that I was

smothering in the night, and drew the curtain at the side of our bed clear back before I awakened. I trust that I will reach home before I take to walking in my sleep. We inquired this morning and found that Cook's office was open for a few hours, so we went directly there for mail, but again we were doomed to disappointment, for it was open only for a good scrubbing, and we could not get waited upon, but we learned that tomorrow was a holiday and the office would only be open from 9 till 11 and, of course, all the stores will be closed too. We had planned to do a little shopping besides sightseeing tomorrow, but now I'm afraid we can do neither to any extent. I trust that the photographic salon will be open tomorrow, then we will have all of Tuesday for the Louvre. I want Mrs. Park to see Napoleon's Tomb, Eiffel Tower, Manufactory of the Gobelins (tapestry), a cemetery, and other things which may be seen in driving about the city, but we will not have time to go to Versailles and Mrs. Park says she is tired of palaces, anyway. We walked from Cook's down the Avenue de l'Opera, across the Louvre court, then down the river to the Notre Dame and you may believe we were tired. We heard the last 15 minutes of the service, which was just what we wanted, as it was principally music. We had a good seat and sat still till most of the people had gone, and just at the end of the service, while the congregation was dispersing, the choir sang and a young boy with a most beautiful voice took the solo. I enjoyed that more than anything. The organ, too, was fine; it thundered at both ends of the church. We took a carriage back to our hotel as we did not understand the street cars and boats,



and besides we were actually too tired to walk over to the bridge. We have just had our luncheon and when we finish our letters we are going to rest the remainder of the afternoon. We want to go home "most awfully," but we are still level headed enough to know that we can't.

Now, I will tell you about the rest of our experiences in Holland. We four (the two young ladies and ourselves) had an early breakfast yesterday morning and while the three were getting their wraps on I went to a brass store (the one I had found the evening before), made a good bargain and triumphantly returned with two large pieces of old brass—a fern pot or something of the kind on legs, with three handles at the sides, and a bellows; the latter article you must acknowledge is not a foolish purchase, for one of your favorite maxims is "Time is money" and our fireplace has had more time than money spent on it. Speaking of old things reminds me of the furniture at the Marichal de Turenne where we stayed. Such beautiful old mahogany pieces! The table in our room was so fine that I spoke of it to the madame and she laughed and said that so many guests had spoken of that table, and then the old brass-pan candlesticks in every room! Madame had us write in her album; she is such a motherly soul. She wished to be remembered to Papa and Joe, also Otto Wilson. The Queen's Palace was open yesterday to visitors for the first time this season, so we bought our tickets of entrance and were the first persons in the palace since the Royal party left. An official took us all through the public and private rooms, which, of course, were very beautiful and filled with presents from

kings, queens and popes. The paintings were interesting also. Just as we four left, a large party arrived, and we congratulated ourselves on being early. As we left the palace it began to rain, so we reluctantly countermanded our order for a carriage to go into the country, and after visiting the Royal Gallery in another part of the city we returned to our hotel. The Hague gallery has some famous paintings—among them “The Anatomy Lesson,” by Rembrandt, a Madonna by Murillo, “Paul Potter’s Bull” and many fine things by Rembrandt. Directly after luncheon we drove to the station and left for Paris, and from Brussels on we four had a compartment to ourselves. Mrs. Park will always have cause to remember that trip, especially the borderland of each country we entered. At The Hague she had purchased some innocent looking ware, quite a large piece of it, in fact a “vazz” (it was handsome looking enough to be dignified by that name instead of the common word vase). Well, she could not pack it without buying another valise and, as she had already bought two on this side of the water, she concluded that she would have it nicely packed in a box and carry it in her hand. She bought a shawl strap at 60 cents to put around it and clung to it through thick and thin till we reached the border of Belgium. There a customs officer passing through the train caught sight of the new package and strap and asked whose it was and what was in it. Mrs. Park answered a “vazz,” and then she was “finished” (as they say from Palestine to Paris). She was ordered out of the car with it, while I stayed in to hold the train, and after 15 minutes she returned still smiling, but with the

following story: She had hunted up six custom house men hoping to find one who could speak English so that she could explain the contents of the box, but failing in this she had paid two francs duty and came back with the box still unopened. We all concluded that such a thing must not happen again, so we put our heads together and with Mrs. Park's enthusiastic consent evolved a plan whereby we could deceive those most dreaded officials at our next encounter. We took our steamer robe and wrapped it all around the box into a different shaped bundle, then put the shawl strap around it, lifted it into the rack over our heads and threw over one end of it our shawls and capes. We thought it was secure, so you can imagine our dismay at the borderland of France, when not only one officer but three, came to our compartment and searched everything till their hands struck that box. Of course, it had been reported and it must be opened. I shall never forget Mrs. Park's appealing looks and tone as she stood there and said "Isn't there one of you men who can speak English? Why it's only an inexpensive 'vase' (notice the change) and I don't want it opened." But the man who had his hands on the box drew forth a dagger (not an ordinary pocket knife by any means, at least it seemed so to us) and heartlessly cut the string of that package in three places while the other officers stood by with sober faces, and our traveling companions from the other compartments filled the hall way and looked on with more than common interest. The lid of the box was nailed down, but with the same fearful instrument it was pried off, and with hands trembling with excitement the head officer lifted



the packing. Only one glance he gave, accompanied with the most disgusted "Ugh!" you can imagine; then out he walked amidst the smiles of everybody, and the box gave us no more trouble. Of course, you can understand that they thought it was some very valuable ware, and Mrs. Park's innocence only made them more suspicious.

We expect to leave here Tuesday night by Dieppe and we will then reach London Wednesday morning and start that day for Scotland.





# BRADFORD

## LETTER NO. 21.

MIDLAND HOTEL, BRADFORD, ENGLAND, WEDNES-  
DAY, MAY 26, 8:30 P. M.



E are spending the night here at Bradford where we arrived at 4:30 this afternoon. I came to see the Photographic Exhibition, as it was an important one, and we did not lose any time, for we had to leave London too late for the Melrose Abbey train of today. This city is only about half an hour from Leeds, where we left the main track and we will return there in the morning and take up our journey into Scotland and Ireland. We will reach Melrose early tomorrow afternoon and leave there at 6 for Edinburgh, then take that beautiful trip by coach and train reaching Glasgow at 4 o'clock Friday. From there we were undecided whether to take Ireland or not as it meant a day off of London sight seeing, but we both wanted to see Ireland, so we decided to cross over to Belfast on Friday night by boat, then go by train to Dublin Saturday where we will spend the Sabbath and reach London on Monday afternoon. You can imagine that this took quite a little planning and all in an hour's time after we reached London this morning, for we had to leave there at 11:30 in order to do it,

and they told us at Paris that it would be impossible, but when two women make up their minds to do a thing even the time tables are turned and we had such an obliging clerk at Cook's to help us out; however, when he had finished with us he was trembling so that he could scarcely write. The American "rush" was too much for him.

All this time we were standing with our mail unopened in our hands, for Mrs. Park had gotten the mail while I started in on the tickets and I began by telling the man that we had to catch that 11:30 train and from that moment his natural breathing stopped. I really felt sorry for him but in the end we thanked him profusely and Mrs. Park said some nice words to him which acted as a restorative.

We did not see the scenery for the first 20 miles of our journey for we were buried in those letters and I read all of Mrs. Park's and she read all of mine; we had a regular feast.

Let's see, the last letter I wrote you was at Paris, Sunday afternoon. Well we did nothing more that day but rest, then Monday morning Mrs. Park took the Cook's drive with our two friends and as she was in such good company I concluded that I could leave her and go elsewhere. I had taken the same drive four years ago with papa. I first hunted up the "Photo Club de Paris" and there learned that the Photographic Salon was being held in the Petit Palais. When I reached there both the Petit and Grand Palaces were gay with streamers and posters with the word "Salon" in large letters, so I took the Grand Palace first and what was my surprise and delight to learn that the great yearly Salon (of paint-

ings) was on—had been open a few days only. Well I was there from 10 till 2 o'clock and had a thoroughly good time and even then there was one full department I did not see and I simply walked through the great covered court where all the beautiful marbles were. After taking luncheon in the building where I sat watching the streams of people, (it was a fete day) I crossed over to the Petit Palace, to the Photographic Salon and there I stayed until it closed at 6 o'clock. As I paid my franc and entered I picked up one of the catalogues which were for sale near the door and in my best French asked the girl if the American work was listed in it, she answered yes, so I bought one and started in. You can imagine my surprise when I found that two of my pictures were hung and catalogued. I did not recognize them by their French names at first but soon puzzled out "Still Life" and the other one, "The Edge of the Cliff," the girl found for me.

I think Mr. Stieglitz did not tell me, just for a surprise. The American work was splendid, ahead of everything, as usual, and it was the first real Photographic Salon I had ever had the pleasure of visiting. The American work I saw today I thought was even better.

Tuesday morning we four went to the Louvre where we hired a guide just to show us the masterpieces of sculpture and painting. They were the same that I saw four years ago, of course, but they grow more beautiful to me every time I study them, especially the famous Venns de Milo and the Winged Victory. The galleries are always full of students copying and it

was very noticeable that the Paris copies were not so good as those at Florence. Monday night, Miss Loomis of Pasadena, California, (one of the two young ladies I mentioned) and I went to the Grand Opera. It was the initial performance of "The Son of a Star" and the place was Jerusalem, in Hadrian's time as nearly as we could make out the French, and when the stage was filled with Arabs, Jews, and even donkey boys, we could easily imagine that we were back in Jerusalem. The singing, of course, was fine and the colors beautiful. We decided to go in five minutes; went in our traveling clothes. Our hotel was only about four blocks from the opera house and we reached home after 12. I had not had my hat off since breakfast that morning. Yesterday afternoon we went shopping, or rather tried to, but we were so tired and there were such crowds that we did not buy anything but came home and packed and left right after supper for London. That Dieppe trip is always such a hard one and the boat was crowded last night, but I ran ahead and secured two good berths so we had a little rest. It is really a funny sight to see so many women sleeping on shelves one above another almost up to the ceiling. Mrs. Park gave me most heartfelt thanks for selecting a lower berth for her. We had an exceedingly smooth voyage and only a few were sick. One "cranky" woman had the maid get everything ready for her as she was sure she would be dead before morning and she went to sleep before the boat started, fairly groaning, but we heard no more of her and you may be sure the maid did not waken her till we had



safely reached shore. One of our young lady friends, Miss Arbuckle of New York, sailed from Cherbourg today. Miss Loomis, the other one, will remain on the continent a month longer. We were sorry to part with them.

Thursday, May 26.—We are now spinning along on our way to Edinburgh and I will mail this letter when we reach the main line near Leeds. Leeds seems to be a very great manufacturing place—nothing but smokestacks and smoke. London as usual was foggy and smoky when we were there, but England in the country is as beautiful as ever—so pretty and home-like. The hawthorn hedges are all in blossom but it is too early yet for the red poppies.





# GLASGOW

## LETTER NO. 22.

HOTEL BALMORAL, GLASGOW, FRIDAY EVENING,  
MAY 27



E arrived here at 4:30, took an hour's drive about the city then had our supper and are now making ourselves at home in the pleasant little drawing room of the hotel until 10 o'clock, when we leave by train and then take the steamer about an hour later for Belfast, Ireland, where we arrive very early in the morning; we will not have to leave the steamer until we take the train for Dublin about 8 o'clock so we will have an unbroken rest. There is one thing very remarkable about this hotel; it has really good paintings and pictures on its walls. I think the proprietor must be a retired art collector. Our tea was doubly enjoyed because a fine marine view hung opposite us on the wall. When out driving we saw the municipal buildings, the grounds where the great Exposition was held years ago and the fine college so splendidly situated. But Edinburgh, where we stopped over last night, is certainly the most beautiful city we have yet entered and we saw so little of it, just a drive to and from the hotel. Sir Walter Scott's monument there, is really fine, and what is so uncommon it has the right setting

with plenty of space around it.

Before we reached Edinburg we stopped off at Melrose and were out at the Abbey nearly three hours. What a fine old ruin it is! No wonder that Sir Walter Scott was inspired by it! We saw his favorite seat, a heap of stones in the middle of the Abbey. It began to rain while we were there, so we spent the last hour just outside the Abbey gate in the custodian's little shop, where we bought some Scotch souvenirs. I found there a beautiful book of old Scotch songs with the music, something that I have long wanted, so I bought it; it is bound in silk "Gordon" plaid. The book has only been out a short time. The nice old lady there gave us some purple heather in blossom and was so kind to us in many ways; in fact, we find that all the Scotch people have great kind hearts and we are both proud of our Scottish ancestors. The whole country looks so thrifty; nothing is rundown. The Scotch broom is in blossom; we see it everywhere—such a pretty note of color. But we did not really see Scotland till we reached Aberfoyle at about 11 o'clock this morning, the most beautiful spring morning you can imagine! There we took a coach, mounted to the high seats by a ladder (safely and gracefully accomplished by Mrs. Park) and settled ourselves for a drive of eight miles over the Scotland hills covered with "heather," past the "banks" and "braes," with the "craigs" on either side, and later following the little "burn," on the banks of which the black-thorn grew. The "bracken" was just springing up all over the hillsides and the "bla' berry" bushes were such a beautiful green. The mountains



were blue, with soft lights and shadows, and the birds (the Plover among them) were singing, oh so sweetly. It was all so peaceful and beautiful that we were very happy in the enjoyment of it, but wished so much that those we loved could be with us and enjoy it also. We had the whole coach (seating twenty persons) and the driver, to ourselves and you may be sure we asked that good-natured Scotchman questions just as fast as we could think of them. In answer to my question if it had rained there the day before he answered yes, that there had been quite a "thunder plump;" this has been a favorite quotation between us ever since and it is so expressive that we are thinking of introducing it in Oregon as the latest slang. Another word which amused us very much a gentleman used in the following sentence: "Just over there is a bonnie place where the people go in the early spring when they have spring-lets," meaning, as we say, "spring fever." At the end of that beautiful drive, enjoyed to the fullest extent and without a particle of dust, we dismounted on the bank of the beautiful "Loch Katrine" made so famous by Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake" and took the steamer (named for that great poet). The ride was delightful and we remained up on deck all the way across. We passed the beautiful "Ellen's Isle" and many other places made famous by Scott. At the other end of the lake we took another coach, still larger than the first one, with four horses. The driver and his guard (a young boy) were dressed in red coats and the coach was painted the same color. This was a beautiful drive also, very near the high moun-

tains, some of them snow capped; but the first drive, I think, showed us more of the typical Scotch scenery for we saw so much heather and on the last drive we saw very little of it. The heather was just beginning to blossom. How I should love to see the hills all purple with it; it is a little early yet for that. We saw a great many sheep; they live all winter on the heather. At the end of our second drive on the border of Loch Lomond we took dinner at a hotel there, and such appetites! There are some beautiful falls just at the side of the hotel and as we had a little time to spare we went on the rocks below them and then climbed up to the bridge which was above them. Our second boat ride began at this place—have forgotten the name of it—where we crossed the beautiful Loch Lomond. We could not stay on deck this time for we were going against the wind but enjoyed it from the cabin. At the end of the lake we took the train for Glasgow and we felt that we had seen quite a bit of Scotland. Cook's man in the office at London told us to take this trip and we feel very grateful to him for suggesting it.

I have been writing the latter part of this in our room in the hotel at Bray, Ireland, a quiet little town where we came yesterday in order to spend the Sabbath here. It is right on the coast, just a half hour from Dublin. The sea was very smooth the night we crossed and we slept all the way. Just after breakfast on the boat we took the train for Dublin and reached there at 10:30 that morning. It looks just like any other large city, the people too, and we only saw a few "Pats" and "Bridgets." We came down here to Bray

hoping to see more of real Irish life but we were disappointed again and so we are beginning to think that Ireland is only a myth and that we are still in England. The country, though, is very beautiful with the little white cottages and green hedges and just now the "furze" hedges are in blossom—a very bright yellow.

As we left Belfast we saw a strange sight, acres and acres of linen bleaching on the grass; it looked just like fields of snow except that it was all in long-shaped patches.

The vehicles here in Ireland look so strange to us. Of course, the cabs are like any other carriages, but the Irish jaunting car is the most common of all; it is on two wheels with seats at the sides, no cover and nothing in front of the occupant. It is drawn by one horse. As yet I have not been able to persuade Mrs. Park to try one with me. Carriage hire is so reasonable everywhere that we take advantage of it frequently. I wonder why prices are so high in our country. People would use carriages instead of street cars if prices were the same as in Europe and the drivers would make more money, I am sure. We attended morning service at the little Methodist church here, and we heard a good sermon. Nearly all the hymns were familiar, too, which made us feel quite at home. A large poster was hung in the vestibule giving notice of a lecture in Dublin on Tuesday evening by Francis E. Clark, the father of the Christian Endeavor organization. We almost laughed out in church when the minister made the following announcement: "Dr. John Park will address the C. E. Society tomorrow evening on 'Life as Seen in America'".

during his sojourn there among friends in 1903." We should like very much to hear that lecture, just to know what others say about us.

Did I tell you that we had "scons" and tea at Melrose? We did not see a single Scotch highlander costume until today and, of course, that was in Ireland. The great kindness and true politeness of the Scotch and Irish people are very noticeable especially among the hotel people. Even the French politeness cannot equal it. We are made to feel that we are conferring a favor every time we ask one. We will be sorry to say good-bye to them in the morning. Just one more letter before we sail and maybe not that for we will be exceedingly busy.





# LONDON

## LETTER NO. 23.

DAMPFER KAISER WILHELM II, MONDAY,  
JUNE 6.



ONLY one more day and we are due in New York! This part of our trip has passed so quickly, although a good share of it was spent in our berths. The second day out we missed two meals in the dining room but that is all; however, it has been a rough trip and we have felt better lying down, so by this time we have had a good rest and plenty of sleep. This is a fine boat, one of the largest, I believe, and we have a very nice room, about the center of the boat just above the dining room. The steward told me the other day that it was a \$500 room—think of paying \$500 for six days! It is an outside room. Some of the suites of rooms above us are \$2,000 and \$1,500. I do not know how low they run. All of the “Kurfürsters” were entitled to first-class return tickets. Mrs. Park and I are alone this time and we are enjoying it. The last day we were in London it rained and I had all my shopping to do for I had simply run out of clothes. Mrs. Park intended to spend the day in sightseeing but we went on a few errands in the morning and she got so wet and she had to return to the hotel, order a fire and go to bed while her clothes dried. I stayed down town all

day till 5 o'clock, when I returned to the hotel and had tea then started out again at 6 o'clock to Cook's on business, inquired again for mail, then I went on down town, gathered up my purchases that required altering, just as the stores were closing at 7 o'clock, returned to the hotel at 8:30, ate a late dinner and then packed. So that is about all that we saw of London, except a two hours' drive that we took early in the morning, stopping only to see Westminster Abbey. Of course, I had seen some of London before, but was so sorry it rained, on Mrs. Park's account; however, nothing could have hired me to change my sailing date and I am sure Mrs. Park felt the same. That was only the second time that rain had interfered with our plans.

The next morning we were up early, for we had to leave the Waterloo station for Southampton at 9:25 on the special steamer train and we were a little anxious, as a cab strike was on, and sure enough our hotel man stood at the door and blew his whistle for nearly ten minutes before he had any response and then we were fortunate enough to get a double carriage and I tell you we and our baggage filled it; we each had three pieces. As it was, we had no time to spare for we had to chase after the man who had the special tickets before we could get the reduced fare and then we had to check our luggage—yes, actually, they checked it, free, and we did not have to see it again till we reached our state room. However I looked it up at the dock to be sure that it was all there. It is to be hoped that the good work will spread on that continent. It was really quite a shock to find that our luggage

was all there and free at that. When the porter told us "the luggage we simply stared in dumb astonishment and he went on to explain that he would give us a number and paste one on our grip to match it. As we walked in a dazed condition and almost luggageless to our compartment we still thought that we were dreaming of the distant past.

In some of the districts of London not a carriage was to be had and some of the "Kurfursters" had to walk for blocks and carry their luggage in order to get a seat in a 'bus. You know when every seat is taken in a 'bus they will not let another person on. Persons are not allowed to stand as in our country; it is the same in Paris also. But we had a strange bit of London experience before we pulled out of the station. Although it was early in the morning it became as dark as night and a confusion there till three large electric lights were turned on. And that is the condition in which we left London, in darkness. That reminds me that in Edinburgh at 10 o'clock at night it was so light that I could tell the time from a clock two blocks distant.

Yesterday, Sunday, was a busy day for us, for at the eleventh hour the Kurfurst delegation decided to have morning services and Sunday school in the first cabin and a service at 4:30 in the second cabin dining room. Mrs. Park was the Sunday school teacher, elected unanimously, and we had Sunday school in the children's dining room. There are about sixty "Kurfursters" on board and about half of them were in the class—the other half were sick. I sang a solo at both morning and afternoon church services and also a duett

with a young lady, so that required practice, of course. Dr. Bell, of San Francisco, preached a splendid sermon in the morning and in the second cabin there were several good speakers and a song service.

Now, I think it is about time to tell you that I am seated at the dining table next to Mr. Johnson, my good doctor, and it was just a "happen-stance" too. At the first meal Mrs. Park and I were seated among strangers but at its close we learned that the "Kurfurst-ers" were all together in a corner of the dining room so the steward kindly gave us new numbers at one of those tables and we had hardly taken our seats at dinner when along came Mr. Johnson and sat down beside me. We have three other nice gentlemen at our table and the four of them have kept us laughing at every meal, especially if we were inclined to paleness; they saved their best stories for such occasions and Mr. Johnson, doctor-like, watched every symptom. Last evening we had a kind of a reception in our room. We filled the couch, the lower berth, the doorway and the floor. We all told our experiences at Jerusalem and other places and were unaware of the lateness of the hour until a neighbor came to the door and told us that a sick lady near was not especially enjoying our "hilarity"—she didn't just say that in so many words but I fear that word comes near expressing it.

Today we have been making out our "declaration" lists to give to the custom officials in New York, but it all depends upon the man we get. I know the one I had before considered all my brass as trash and I trust that I may again have just such an unappreciative



individual, for my trunk is simply full of brass, copper, and green jugs. We will surely have an exhibition of our things for the benefit of our intimate friends, and let not Mr. Park hope for better things, for his wife has brass too (and really, come to think of it, I believe she has acquired some in another sense also, but not enough to cause alarm).

How good it did seem to have U. S. coin again; when the purser gave me in change a handful of quarters, dimes and nickles, for the first time in my life I took real delight in the mere sight of money and I just held it in my hand and looked at it. I smiled and the purser smiled too; he understood.

The captain's dinner this evening was a very grand affair. It is the custom, on some lines at least, to give a Captain's dinner the last night at sea, and the dinner this evening was certainly splendid. The dining room was decorated in wide heavy sashes of red, white and blue moire silk and garlands of artificial autumn leaves; each table, too, was beautifully decorated with a centerpiece made of macaroons and filled with flags, bon-bons, etc. The dinner was similar to the one we had on the Kurfurst until we came to the ice-cream course when the lights were suddenly turned out. Just then the orchestra began to play a march and two large W's (for Kaiser Wilhelm) one at either side of the stairway, blazed forth in red electric lights and at the same time little miniature light-houses all over the dining room were illuminated. Then came the procession of waiters, headed by the young boys in uniform and sashes, every waiter carrying a Japanese lantern, balloon-shaped and

held high, except about every third one who carried a silver tray in the center of which was a white or pink hollow block of ice, with a candle inside and arranged around it were little Japanese ladies of ice-cream, carrying parasols. This course was called on our menu card "transparent ice cream." The waiters marched around the dining room several times, about a hundred of them, I should guess, then separated for their tables. It was a very pretty sight. The evening wound up with a concert given by the orchestra assisted by a violinist and a reader from New York, and that was all very good. There was also another reader, who was so poor that she broke up the concert, for everybody left. She asked to be placed on the program, presenting photographs of herself also testimonials.

We expect to have only two more meals on this fine old ship; we have certainly enjoyed our voyage and it has seemed very short. We will soon reach the shores of our beloved country, never more dear, and then this, the most enjoyable trip of my life, will be all in the past.

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New York, June 12.—I must tell you of my final experience in getting my trunk and souvenirs which I had sent ahead by the Kurfurst to be stored in bond in New York. When we landed last Tuesday we had no difficulty with our luggage at all, as we had a very courteous customs official and the examining ordeal was soon over with, and no duty to pay.

Lucile met me at the dock and when we finished with the officer we crossed over to the city, and Mrs. Park went to Brooklyn with her friends. Wed-

nesday morning we met by appointment on lower Broadway to see about getting our trunks out of storage, only to find that they had been removed just two days before, and were now in the hands of the customs appraisers, and that we could not get them for a week or ten days. This was bad news for we needed our clothing. We then had to go to a broker on Broadway (Wells Fargo & Co.) and leave the matter in their hands, as there are certain legal forms necessary and much time and worry can be saved by engaging a broker to represent one. To my agreeable surprise, Tom 'phoned me on Friday morning to come down to the appraisers office on Christopher street. I found the man he told me to ask for, and I trembled in his presence, for the sight that greeted me in that room was enough to un-nerve any pilgrim. Olive wood from Jerusalem. Oriental rugs, brass, etc., were emptied out of the trunks all over the floor, and not by the owners either, Tom had caught them just in time, they had not yet opened my trunk, and I had a full list with price of everything my trunk contained, so my man sat down beside me and we went over it together. He had to believe me for I had my little account book to prove that my list was right. Everything went smoothly until we reached the rug, and when I could not tell him the size of it he thought he would have to unpack it. I told him that it was in the very bottom of the trunk, so then he told me to guess at the size. We settled on 3x5 (which proves to be the exact size) and then he ordered my trunk closed and locked, and I was so thankful for not a thing was touched. My troubles were not

yet over however, for he then ordered me to go to my brokers and have them send their man over to the custom house on Wall street to meet the appraisers messenger with the official report on my trunk. Wells Fargo's man was already there, so I had to go over alone and when the messenger arrived a few moments later, I found my name was not in his list, so had to wait an hour and a half for the next messenger. I went out to lunch and when I returned my messenger had arrived. He warned me that according to law every article in my trunk was dutiable, as the trunk was now in the government's hands and came under the regular importing laws, but there was just one man who could waive the duty and we were now on the way to his office. I felt pretty nervous when that gentleman came into the office after we were seated. He made me feel very comfortable (?) by telling me that the only "Kurfurster" ahead of me had to pay \$75 duty. However, after what seemed an awfully long time, and all questions had been satisfactorily answered, he signed the paper, after which it was taken to another official for final signature, and all was over and no duty to pay. My express and brokerage fees were \$3.50.

Wednesday morning after I met Mrs. Park and we had attended to our trunks we separated (a most "tender and touchin'" ordeal) to meet later on at home in Salem, still the dearest spot on earth to us.

MYRA A. WIGGINS.













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